The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1576 APRIL 5, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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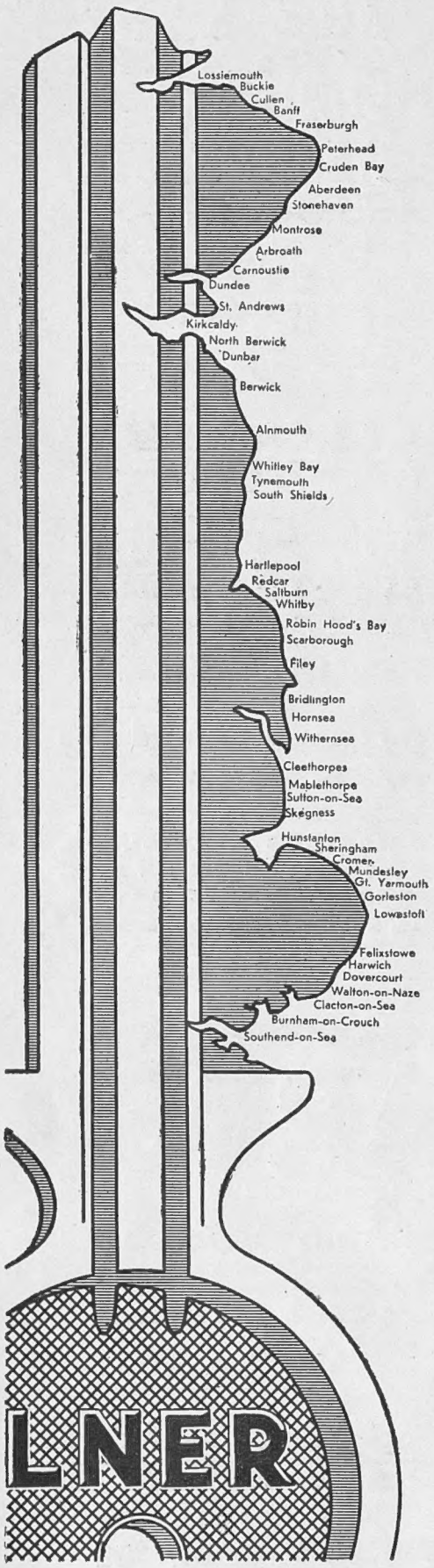

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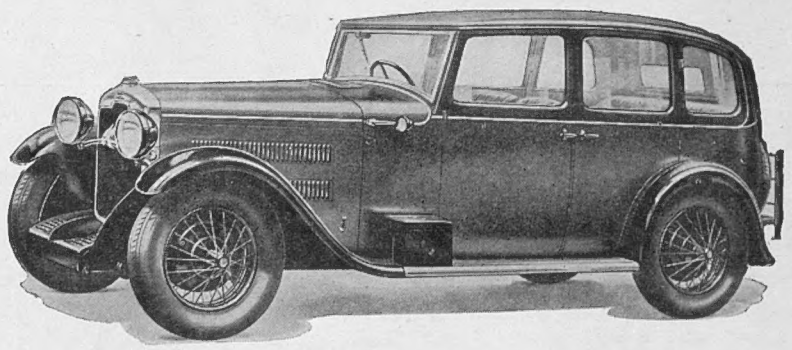

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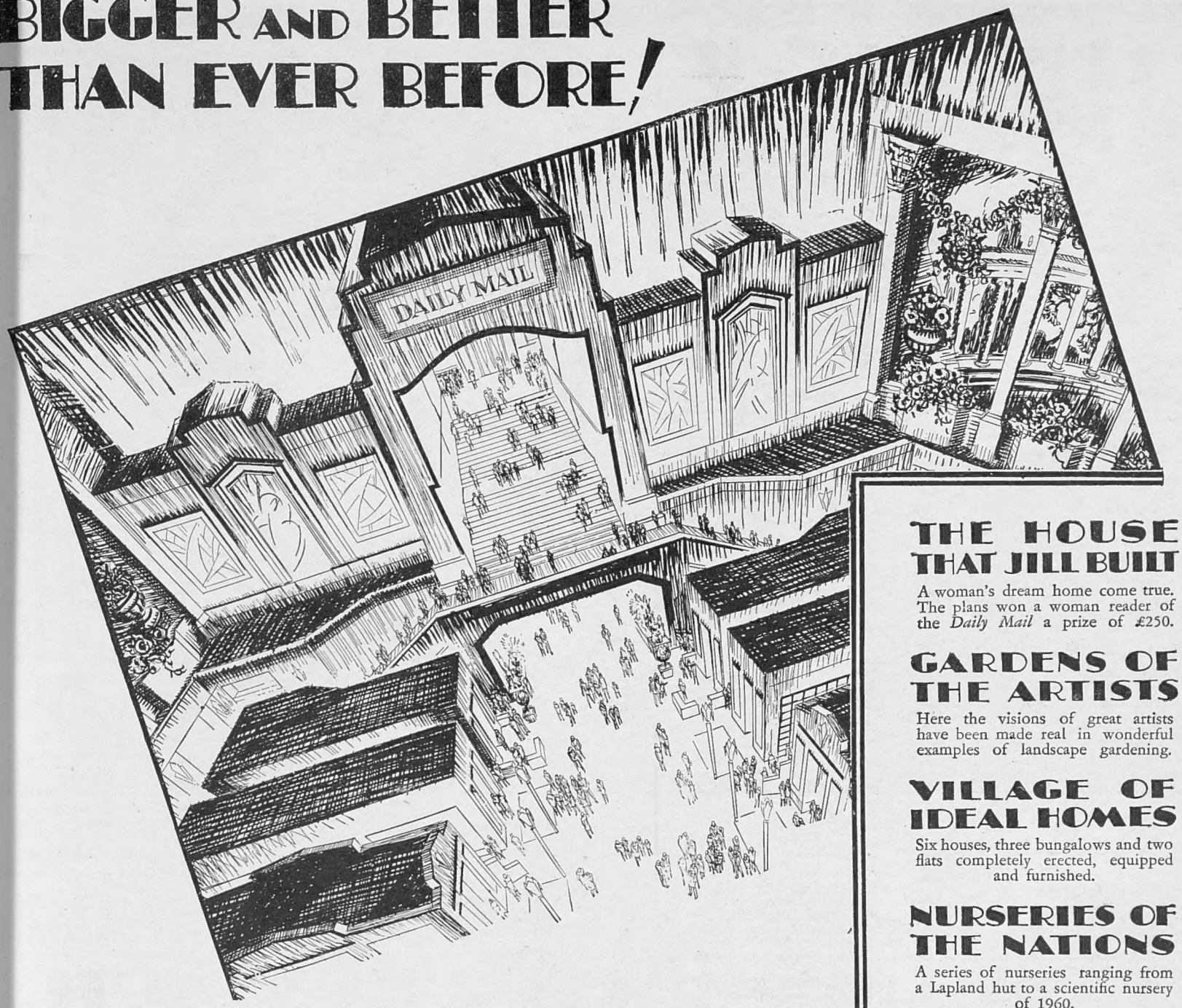

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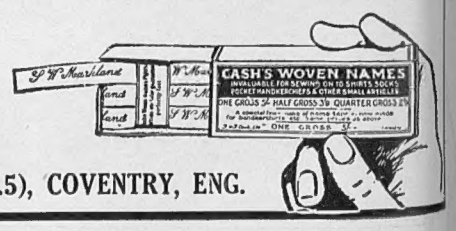

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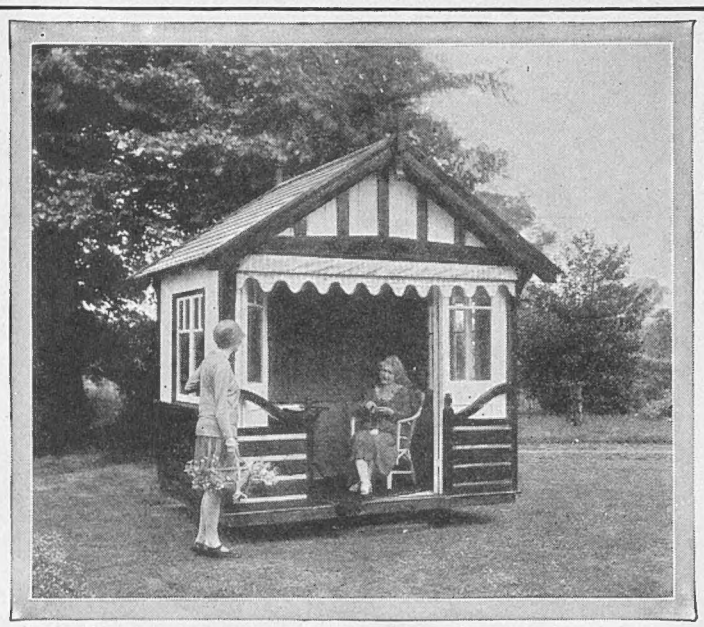

INTERLUDE

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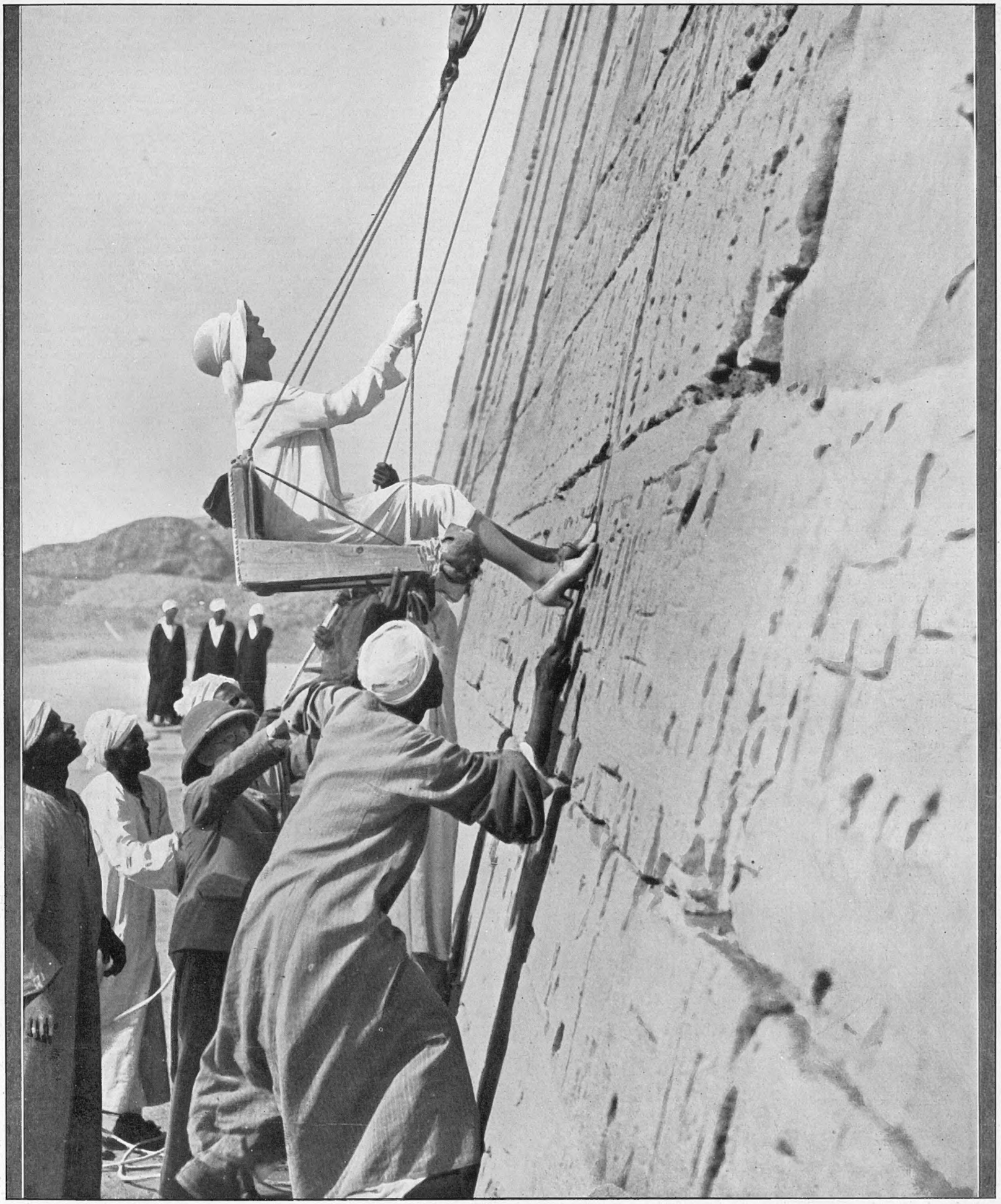
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

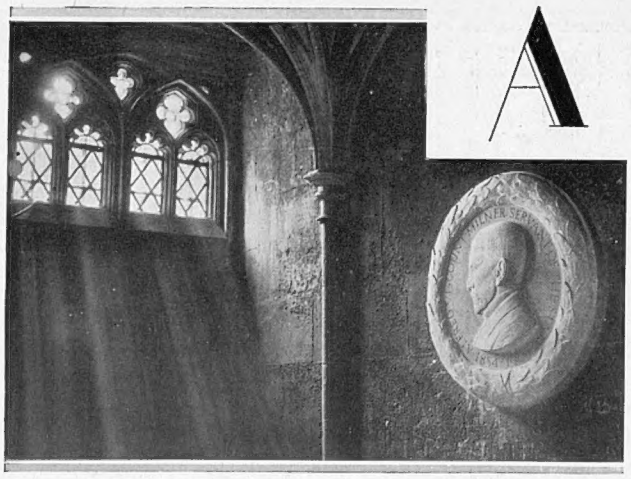
Volume CXXI. No. 1576 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, April 5, 1930



The QUEEN of the BELGIANS Scales a Temple Wall in The VALLEY of the KINGS

The Queen of the Belgians is very typical of the modern monarch. Fifty—even twenty—years ago, a ruler toured a country, gave a cursory glance at a point of interest, murmured a commonplace, and drove away with postillions and a guard of honour. To-day, as may be seen by the picture above, Royalty can indulge its interest in the unfamiliar. During their present tour of Egypt, King Albert and Queen Elisabeth have visited many fascinating places — few more so than the Temple of Medinet-Habu at Luxor whose wall Her Majesty is seen scaling in a cradle to see the inscriptions on the upper face.

A London Newsletter



UNVEILED BY MR. BALDWIN: The memorial plaque to Lord Milner (1854-1925) in the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The wording "Servant of the State," is a paragon among epitomizing epitaphs

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, April 2.

By Arrangement.—A general election this autumn is no longer likely. Secret diplomacy, which it is the fashion to condemn in international dealings, is not yet taboo on the Home front, and Herod and Pilate are made friends together behind the arras. So Mr. Snowden no longer wonders whether all his labours will be in vain. We are sure of a Socialist Budget, and shall have plenty of time to digest it. And the Socialist Government will undisturbed, but not unheckled, deal with the situations that have arisen in India and in Egypt, and make the far-reaching decisions which must arise out of the Imperial Conference in the autumn. Mr. Churchill thinks that that is a pity. Our own experience leads us to the view that one Government is very much like another, and that hard circumstance throws ahead the shadows of inexorable decisions. For Government to-day is nothing but the bolstering up of temporary expedients and the more or less graceful concession of long-delayed and inevitable reforms. If there were time and quiet opportunity for forethought and statesmanship it would be another story. No one wants a general election, unless it be some young gentleman nursing a hopeful constituency. But Mr. George's political panache is not noticeably brighter. Somehow it is fated that everything which the Grand Vizier of Versailles does nowadays is open to doubt and suspicion and marked out for cynical misrepresentation. Cincinnatus was one of the few shrewd politicians in history. What a pity that Mr. George doesn't read history.

Traffic Bill in Committee.—I listen to or otherwise follow, the proceedings of the Traffic Bill in Committee with feelings of mingled rage and anxiety. People like Sir William Brass puzzle me. He and several other M.P.'s, for no ascertainable reason, regard themselves as super-motorists, are self-elected champions of this visionary band of Archangels of the Wheel, and claim that the motorist should be on a different footing from other members of the community; for example, that he should not be liable to conviction for road-hogging on the sole testimony of the police. And why not, pray? What like is the average motorist that he should be so favoured? There are decent men, vile boors, good and bad drivers, gentlemen, and insufferable bullies and cads on the road. The motoring fraternity, everyone would agree, has a larger percentage of cads, bullies, hogs, and egotists than, say, the class of agricultural labourer. Road discipline needs tightening up; the road-hog has long, overlong, needed a really startling deterrent—the shock of his beastly selfish life. It makes my blood boil to hear the Committee in agreement that suspension of licence for a second offence of criminally reckless driving would be a cruel punishment *because the offender might be a professional driver*, and would lose his means of livelihood for a while. In the name of Gilbert, why should the reckless professional driver be given three fair opportunities of killing harmless Englishmen?

Professional Baby-killers. — It is surely sound sense to assert that a professional driver, on his second conviction for dangerous driving, forfeits his title of professional driver and earns the title of professional baby-killer, and as such he ought to be put out of harm's way. If you are a member of a syndicate shoot in Hertfordshire, and find that one of your fellow guns carries his weapon horizontally and swings on his bird down the line, you don't give him three chances to kill you. You take action on the first clear evidence. A motor-car in the hands of a road-hog is four times as dangerous as a scatter-gun. As sure as fate the House will repent its easy-going generosity to the Turpins of the Road this side of September. Mr. Morrison is receiving too little help in his efforts towards sanity with safety.

Charing Cross.—Sir E. Lutyens' lay-out model of Charing-Cross-to-be gives the general public its first clear idea of the probable new face of a famous London landmark. Nothing, it seems, can prevent the finished lay-out from being an obvious compromise — that is, a weakening of utility by sentiment. The blocks of new buildings bisected by the new streets must inevitably be awkward gridirons and irregular oblongs. But if we boldly banished sentiment and agreed to scrap St. Martin's Church—risking the wrath of Nell Gwynn's shade—to grind to powder the Cavell Memorial, and to completely rehash Trafalgar Square, what a noble business we could make of it. And we ought to do so. St. Martin's must inevitably be deprived of most of its present usefulness when it becomes an island site with no adjacent vicarage and club-rooms, when its yard is no longer healthy, and its crypt no longer a place of peace. The Cavell Memorial is an eyesore, and already a tasteless anachronism. As for Trafalgar Square, forget tradition, and you have a glorious chance for town-planning on the grand scale. The Nelson Column and its lions ought to be a small island round which the traffic circulates. And all the space now occupied by fountains, stairs, statues, and pigeons could, with the terrace on the National Gallery level, become a lovely public garden, in falling terraces, gay with flowers, green-lawned, shaded with trees, musical with sequestered fountains, and furnished with seats for the public, a place as unlike the present draughty, dusty, sunbaked prison yard as one could conceive.

Ideal Homes.—In a journal which is rapidly reclaiming from mere man (albeit intelligent men and men of taste) valuable space, once considered the preserve and prerogative of the clubman, the scholar, the traveller, and the sportsman in trousers, how shall a mere man dare to refer to the Ideal Home Exhibition? There remains to-day no commodity, large or small, manufactured in this country, whose selling talk is not first and foremost directed to women. Tobacco? Motor-cars? *Femme dispose.* Can I except razors? No. However let me say my foolish, inadequate word, for after all I, too, live in Arcadia. In my own house, my kitchen is a place of white tiles and dazzling cleanliness. No coal is burned there, no wood, no coke, no gas. Our joints are roasted, our bread baked, in electric ovens. A tiny crude oil-engine cooks our food, lights our rooms, irons our clothes, and boils our kettles at a total cost of £18 a year. And so (with other labour-saving and hygienic blessings up my sleeve) I boldly mention the Exhibition at Olympia.

Glass Houses.—Glass, obviously, is the domestic element of to-morrow. In five years there will be no more stone-throwing done, for we shall all live in glass houses. Glass ceilings, glass walls, glass dinner tables, glass in lieu of silver, of wood, of plaster, of paint, of paper. Very cleanly, very labour-saving. What could be more decorative than to dine on a tank table containing the coloured fishes of tropic seas? No arranging of flowers, no polishing of walnut, no washing of linen. What more hygienic than glass floors, glass walls, glass tables? Only remember this. Glass is very, very receptive of heat. If you have ever thronged in summer Sir Philip Sassoon's famous glass saloon, to listen to good music, you will have experienced the possibilities of a crowded glass chamber in the dog days. Just a word—just a warning—concerning glass houses, that is all. I am only a man, though a brave one.

Bird Protection.—Last week, when the Duchess of Portland presided over the thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Society for Protection of Birds, several expert naturalists gave some interesting and encouraging evidence. Mr. Sanford Cole dealt with the ravages of oil pollution, an evil which is diminishing but still active. The careless discharge of oil waste at sea dooms millions of sea-birds to a lingering death. Belgium is always forward in the cause of enlightenment, and the Belgian Ambassador gave a fine account of the measures taken to protect song birds. Mr. Eric Parker, Lord Desborough, and Sir W. Portal contributed knowledge and information. Sir Montagu Sharpe gave the interesting detail that the Society employed fifty-one bird-watchers in Great Britain to protect the nests of rarer species. For years in a mountain district in South Wales the kite has been struggling against extinction, and not long ago I saw three out of the half-dozen nests which then existed in the whole of Britain. By far the most interesting speaker and personality at the meeting was Mr. Jim Vincent. Jim Vincent lives on Lord Desborough's enchanting peninsula on Hickling Broad, one of the best duck shoots in Norfolk. His life is one long thrill, for he knows as much about birds as any man and has unrivalled opportunities for making bird history. He is a practical naturalist, not a crank or sentimentalist. Last winter I had the luck to flight his duck and none was more keen for a big bag than Jim Vincent. So when he urges the curtailment of the duck-shooting season between September 1 and February 1, special authority attaches to his opinion. Round the living-room of Lord Desborough's island bungalow a clever artist has accurately recorded every bird that haunts those reed-beds and broads. Their variety is astonishing. Men like Jim Vincent spend their lives preserving these joys for mankind—for the 5 per cent. of mankind that appreciates the things that matter.

Chiff-chaff.—In the coming of the chiff-chaff, that tiny sea-rover who punctually and early returns each year to the same pin-point on the map of England and builds his house—for it is no tea-cup that satisfies him—on the site of last year's, many writers have found inspiration for purple passages of prose and verse, W. H. Hudson imprimis. When the chiff-chaff's persistent rasping is once more heard in the woods and gardens one needs no further proof that the great transformation is on the way, the miracle at hand which changes the whole nature of our outlook on life and our intercourse with our fellow-men. At the first note of the chiff-chaff, when the daffodils are dancing, the prunus blowing pink, the woods a mist of palest green, we are wont, with Fitzgerald, to—

"Jump up like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again."

The laying away of the winter garment of repentance, that moth-eaten, dingy, gloomy, stuffy cloak, is the most glorious fixture in the long year. Life grows easier now, for we see it whole, see it out of doors, and find that after all there is room for others besides ourselves to enjoy themselves in it.

Hearst's Squib.—Mr. Hearst of the New York *American*—with his anti-Ramsay and anti-England outburst—has thrown the limelight on the pitiful plight of Press Emperors. One and all of them come to the same tragic hour of realization and learn at last that all their pride and power and greatness are measured by the ridicule of the very fools they have spent their lives in hoodwinking and seducing. And why? Because having won power they were too blind, too weak, too mediocre to realize and to accept its responsibilities. So when they said, "'Mr. Hearst, do your worst,' and he did" . . . nothing happened! The squib made a mild pop, and then sane and decent and educated people who do the things that matter in the world went on their way, and Mr. Hearst was left wondering why the school-children refused to tremble when he hid behind the bush and growled. I am always sorry for Press Emperors. They are tragic comedians.

The Carnival of Sport.—From now on the carnival of sport, one of England's glories, chief attraction for Americans, and highest boon for our journalists, persists and increases in intensity till its apex in July. Last week we enjoyed the thrills of the Lincolnshire and the National, two glorious field-days for the god of chance. Leonidas II, a French five-year old, won the former with great ease, starting at 66 to 1, all on a summer's day. The National made history, and the race will be remembered as a topical annual. Our children will hear the epic of how Cullinan steered Shaun Goilin through a needle's eye to win by a neck from Melleray's Belle. The great summer golfing orgy led off with a sweeping victory for (poor old?) Oxford. This month sees the opening of the flat-racing season proper, of the lawn tennis season, and the cricket season, the last an asterisked season of Australian test-matches. The cricketers from down under (and most of our own team) are on the high seas, trying to forget, in constant bouts of deck cricket, that they have been playing the game non-stop for about seven years.

THE OLD STAGER.

HER MAJESTY IN DOCKLAND: The Queen, accompanied by Princess Helena Victoria, visited the slums of Canning Town for the dedication of the new chapel at the Dockland Settlement. The Bishop of Chelmsford conducted the service, and the Warden of the Settlement, Sir Reginald Kennedy Cox (seen above), welcomed the Queen

A RECORD SENDING-IN DAY.

17,000 Canvases Throng Burlington House : Many Entries from America and Liverpool : The Children's R.A.

"BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN": Miss Isobel Codrington's canvas arrives at the Academy on the Sending-In Day for oils. The canvas has a powerfully Spanish atmosphere

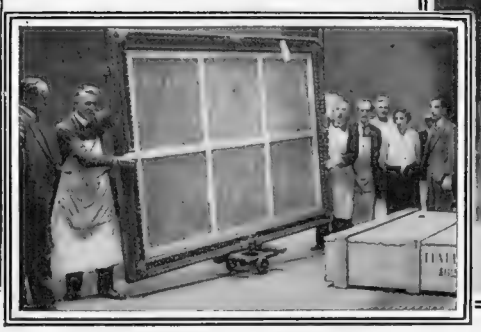
BY R.A.'s OF THE FUTURE: A corner of the Children's Exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery, held by the Royal Drawing Society

"BAYSWATER": Mr. Algernon Newton's charming conception redolent of an eighteenth-century atmosphere

A LEFT-HANDED ARTIST OF TO-MORROW: Master P. Curzon, son of the Hon. F. and Mrs. Curzon, an exhibitor at the Children's Exhibition held by the Royal Drawing Society at the Guildhall Art Gallery

IN 15 MINUTES BY 13 YEARS: A sketch from life by Miss E. Rhind at the Children's R.A.

ARTIST AND PICTURES: Mr. Thornton Shields arrives with his water-colours on sending-in day for small pictures



VENUS GOES HOME: Botticelli's masterpiece packed for transportation

SENDING-IN DAY FOR OILS: Workmen unload pictures submitted for the judgment of the Committee. This year the figure reached the record of 17,000

MATTERS IN BRITAIN'S METROPOLIS

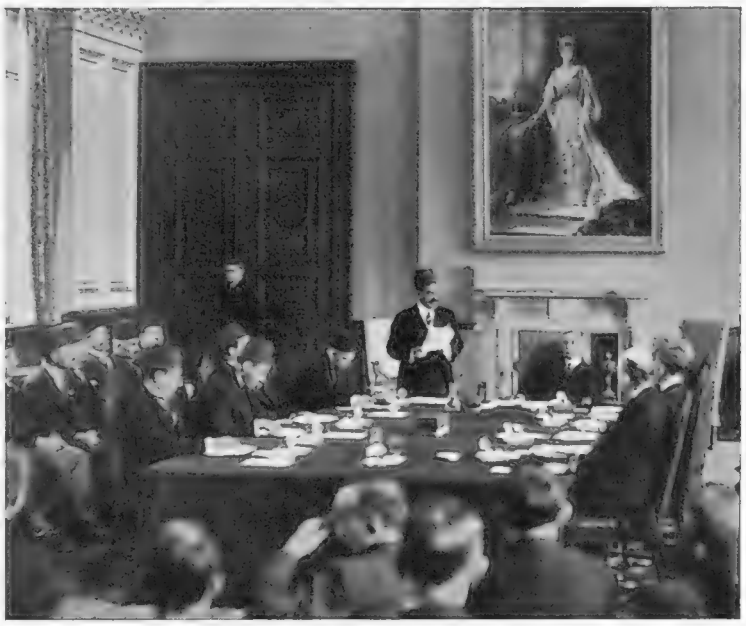
AN EDUCATIONAL TOUR: Some of the sixteen headmasters who are to make an extensive tour of Canada, whither they went by the C.P. Liner "Duchess of Bedford." The party is to visit several Canadian schools and universities. The party includes the headmasters of Harrow, Bedford, Watson's College, Ampleforth, Manchester Grammar School, Marlborough, and Wrekin College. Dr. Norwood of Harrow—one of the few headmasters of the School on the Hill not to be a clergyman—is the moustachioed figure seen above

A B.B.C. VICTIM: Colonel M'Gillicuddy of the Reeks, whose name was unknowingly mentioned by Mr. Leonard Henry, a comedian. Colonel M'Gillicuddy compelled the B.B.C. to issue its first public apology

CORRECTLY CLAD AT T ELEVENTH HOUR: The M ster for War, Mr. Tom Sh who had omitted to order le dress but overcame the d culty at the last mome

FROM THE NEAR EAST COME TWO DELEGATIONS

THE PALESTINE ARAB DELEGATION: Musa Kazim Pasha el Husseini and the Grand Mufti, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi with members of the Delegation



THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CONFERENCE: Nahas Pasha speaking in the Locarno Room at the Foreign Office. Mr. Henderson is at the head of the table. The delegation wore the tarbush throughout the proceedings for Egyptians cover—as we uncover—as a mark of respect

REPRESENTING EGYPT: Dr. M. Ebeid (Fina Wacyf Ghali Pasha (Foreign), Osman Moha Pasha (Public Works), and (seated) M Pasha (Prime Minister)

DOES YOUTH LACK CONFIDENCE?

THE BEST OF FRIENDS: A tiny tot from the nursery of the Park Royal Hospital, Willesden, makes friends with the hospital donkey which draws the cart used to take the children for rides with the nurses. A complete mastery of the situation is evident

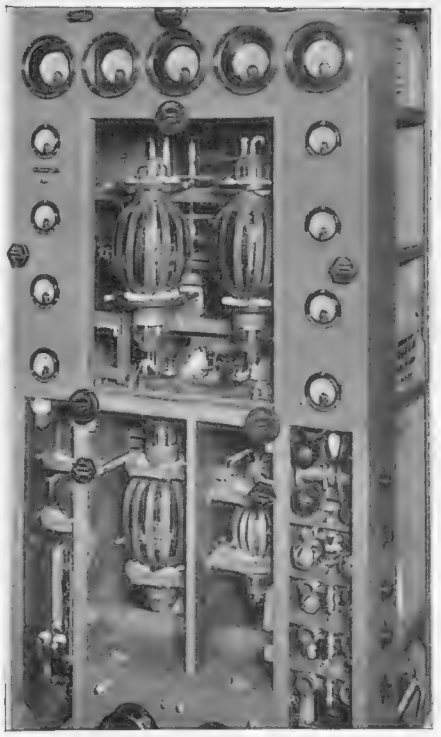
LADY LINDY OF TO-MORROW: A meeting was held on Wimbledon Common the other day by members of the London Model Aeroplane Clubs to compete in an open duration competition for a challenge cup. One small competitor is seen above

ETONIANS ALL! The Southern Railway is building ten new engine be named after famous public schools. The first to be comp was named "Eton" and was put on exhibition at Windsor Sta for the benefit of Etonians, who lost no time in making t new "fellow's" acquaintance. The locomotives of this clas built on the most modern lines

NEWS FROM BUSY ITALY

POSTHUMOUS HONOUR: Signor Mussolini kisses the son of the ill-fated Schneider Trophy pilot who was ranked second in last year's contest, Warrant Officer Dal Molin, when presenting the Medal of Valour to Signora Dal Molin

A MIRACLE OF SCIENCE: Marchese Marconi, by pressing a button in the cabin of his yacht "Elettra" when off Genoa, illuminated 3,000 lamps at the Radio Exhibition in Sydney 11,000 miles away. It should be pointed out that the electricity which performed the illumination was generated locally. A train of beam waves was liberated to the station in England and thence to Victoria, whence it was relayed to Sydney



OPERATING AT A DISTANCE OF 11,000 MILES: The electrical device which lit the lights of Sydney. A few moments after the pressing of the button on the 26-7 metre wave-length a congratulatory voice from Australia was heard

NEW CREATIONS ON LAND AND WATER

LLING THE WORLD'S LARGEST RAILWAY WAGON: The Garratt engine demonstrated at Sheffield last week when a collection of the most modern freight transport on the L.N.E.R. was pulled by a locomotive of this type which can draw 1,000 tons. One wagon is 220 ft. long and has fifty-six wheels. It weighs 155 tons

AN ELECTRIC TURBINE-DRIVEN FRUIT VESSEL: The "Musa," a large fruit-carrying vessel of 10,700 tons, launched for Elder and Fyffe of Liverpool. The ceremony was performed at Belfast. The ship is driven by turbine electric motive power

TRIUMPH OF LIGHT AT OLYMPIA

THE MODERN STYLE: A detail of the beautifully-lit bedroom in the G.E.C. Pavilion of Light at Olympia. It was designed by Raymond McGrath. The light plays upwards and sideways on the figure. The sets of drawers to left and right are hinged to swing outwards. The six rooms in the Pavilion of Light were built to the winning designs in the £1,000 competition organized by that progressive firm, the G.E.C., which has done much to encourage a new taste in lighting

"A GARDEN IS A PLEASANT THING——": And the garden section at "The Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition is no exception to the rule. Many of the gardens are embellished with motifs taken from pictures by distinguished artists, and the section this year eclipses by far former efforts in the same line. The illusion of space achieved in the comparatively small area at the disposal of the organizers is quite remarkable

SOVIET CRIME against MAN and GOD

The Right Rev. ARCHBISHOP EULOGIOS,

Metropolitan of the Russian Church in Western Europe

SPEAKS TO THE SPHERE

(in an interview)

ANTI-CHRIST - Ikons, some of them priceless antiques, piled into a lorry for destruction

Sturdy in build, of middle height, with long hair streaming to his shoulders, a long beard and kindly eyes which smile readily, is the Right Rev. Archbishop Eulogios, who came from Paris for the purpose of attending the Service of Intercession at Westminster Abbey. Born in the Government of Tula in 1868, the Archbishop, by reason, no doubt, of the hardships he has had to undergo, looks older than his sixty-two years, but his strength is obviously unimpaired. Bishop, ex-member of the Tsarist Duma, and archbishop in S.W. Russia, after the Revolution in 1917 he became a member of the Russian Church Council. It was after this appointment that the Archbishop was arrested by the Ukranian Separatists, and in 1920 he went with the Russian refugees to Serbia. After living there for a year he was nominated by the Patriarch to rule the Orthodox Russian Church in Western Europe. In 1923 he was nominated as Metropolitan Archbishop and ruled the diocese from Berlin for a year, after which he moved to Paris, where he has been living ever since.

Imprisoned by the Ukranian Separatists in Kief soon after the Revolution, and while not subjected to physical torture, but condemned to endure much mental anguish as well as grave indignities, I can appreciate, better than most, all that Christianity and its followers have been and are enduring in Russia, as well as the value of the protests of British Christendom in bringing about some righting of our wrongs, some relaxation of the cruelties which have resulted in the death of so many ministers of the Gospel and their followers.

My own incarceration was the result of no particular charge but was due merely to the belief that I was thought to entertain hostile feelings against, first the Ukranians and next the Poles, when the latter took that part of Southern Russia in which I then lived. I have always regarded it as evidence of God's great mercy that I was taken to Poland when I was, for had I been transferred to Russia there is no doubt that my life would never have been spared for I should have been killed by the Bolshevists.

My gratitude to British Christendom is a personal as well as a general one, for it was through the influence brought to bear on Russian public opinion by the Archbishop of Canterbury that I was liberated from prison in 1919. Even though I had acquired my freedom it was in a restricted sense, for when going through Constantinople I sought to enter South Russia in order to return to my see, the Bolshevists, who then occupied the district, refused to allow me to enter.

For reasons which will be obvious, as well as owing to the fact that I am unwilling to break through the natural reticence which relates to my private life, I cannot reveal any details of my existence in prison. I may, however, say that I was incarcerated in a monastery near Krakow. The Monks belonged to a silent order and the Government authorities even compelled me to take my walks in the garden under the supervision of its soldiers. Later, when I was removed to Galicia, insults were hurled at me, not only by the populace, but also by the soldiers, and I was subjected to such harsh treatment, that on occasions, I was conducted from village to village in an open cart with other prisoners, while the rain poured down upon us.

Let me, however, change from the purely personal to the far more important matter of the persecutions of the clergy perpetrated by the Soviet. In doing this let me state emphatically that I shall not introduce any statement derived from private information, but shall confine myself to acts described in the newspapers of the Soviet, so that it is impossible for the statement to be questioned. In the years between 1918 and 1930, the Soviet executed 8,100 members of the clergy and other people connected with the service of the church. These figures, large as they are, are not exaggerated: on the contrary they are very conservative. After 1923 the executions became far less numerous, and the persecutions were milder, but the Soviet Anti-Religious Propaganda greatly intensified. In 1929 the situation changed again. On April 8, the constitution regarding religion was altered and the words "Freedom of Religious Propaganda" were dropped from the Soviet Constitution.

All the various local regulations concerning religion were summed up in sixty-eight articles which specially applied to the religious instruction of children and forbade them being given religious instruction, even in private groups at home, when more than three children were brought in from the outside. About the same time, the Ministry for Public Instruction changed its policy and replaced the former non-religious education by actual anti-religious education in all the schools throughout Russia. With this change, persecution became more acute by execution, imprisonment, and banishment. It is impossible for me to give any statistics regarding the people thus persecuted, but we know we can maintain, as entirely certain, cases reported in the Soviet newspapers for they are admitted by the Soviet Government.

We could cite far more cases than these, coming from entirely trustworthy sources, but we are unwilling to do so because, as I said before, we like to be able to give chapter and verse for all statements on the evidence of the Soviet Government itself.

Of such executions we can quote ten cases of clergymen during the last few months, and the accounts are all taken from Soviet newspapers. This does not mean that the papers were specially searched for this purpose, but the cases were taken merely as instances of persecution followed by the death sentence. These cases have been reported in the following newspapers:

Two cases in *The Teacher's Gazette*; the first on October 26, 1929, and the second three days later on October 29.

Four cases in *The Godless*; the first on August 18, 1929, and the other three on January 3, February 1, and February 2, 1930.

One case in the *Red Evening Gazette*, on February 11 last.

One case in *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, on December 13, 1929.

Two cases in *Izvestyia*, on January 26 and January 28 last.

At the present time, according to the reports in the newspapers, the priests are, as a rule, arrested and tried on a charge of "counter-revolution," found guilty, and executed by shooting. On the other hand, we know of many cases of priests executed and exiled without any trial at all.

UNHOLY FIRES: Ikons burned in a bonfire by a mob of 13,000 in the Gluchova and Bogorodsk districts

The point I am now to make to make is a very important one. In many cases this charge of "counter-revolution" consists in the alleged crime of not giving to the State the surplus corn growing in the fields belonging to the priest or his parishioners, for he is held to be responsible for the misdeeds of his people.

There are cases in which priests have been executed for what is called "Counter-revolutionary agitation from the pulpit." Such a one was recorded in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of December 3, 1929.

Moreover, according to the statements of the Communist newspapers themselves, e.g. *The Godless*, No. 46, of November 10, 1920, and *Izvestyia*, of January 6, 1930, sermons on Peace, Brotherhood, and Christian Solidarity, the refutation of Atheism and Materialism are considered as counter-revolutionary acts. In this way sermons on love and brotherhood are declared to be attempts to disorganise "the working-men's front during the time of acute struggle."

The sermon on solidarity is defined as a call to the poor peasants to unite with the rich peasants, and in this way to bring about acts inimical to Soviet authority. It is quite evident that with such interpretations any purely religious activity on the part of a priest can easily be denounced as counter-revolutionary and bring him before a court or even before a firing party. Such instances show incontestably the conditions under which the religious life of the country is being carried on.

A very important recent fact is the introduction of a five days' week, which abolishes not only all religious feasts but Sundays as well. According to the interpretation of the Soviet newspapers themselves, as for instance *The Godless*, No. 40, December 1, 1929, a workman not going to work on a religious holiday is liable to punishment according to the penal code.

The above examples, which could be multiplied almost indefinitely, prove the efforts being made for a complete abolition of any freedom of conscience. At the same time a most vigorous anti-religious propaganda is being carried on to impress atheism on the minds of the people. This propaganda is included in all the programmes of the schools to achieve its object, and in the use of printed magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, leaflets, lectures, the drama by means of plays written for the purpose, the cinema, and broadcasting, as well as by forming clubs, arranging excursions where special talks to the same ends take place, and they even occur on the children's playgrounds, etc. Nor must I forget anti-religious museums for which desecrated churches are often used and in which carricatures of religious services and anti-religious publications are exhibited.

This anti-religious propaganda is chiefly carried on by the Union of the *Militant Godless* which is wholly supported by the Government and the Communist Party. The fact that whole generations are being educated and trained in complete ignorance of religion is the most tragic feature of the present situation in Russia.

Yet such is the power of Christianity that in spite of all the efforts now being made by the Soviet Government it is still unable to stamp out religious beliefs, and the result of this persecution is particularly favourable to a religious revival throughout the whole of Russia.

Meantime, I can only express my gratitude for the attitude taken not by any one church organisation or group, but by the whole mass of Christians in England which has been largely instrumental in bringing about such relief as Christianity has had in Russia.

The WAY of the WORLD.

Mi-Carême in Paris: An Interesting Group in Jerusalem: Gandhi's March to the Sea

MI-CARÊME: An aspect of the mid-Lent Carnival celebrated in Paris, during which the twenty Beauty Queens of the Capital took part in a procession through the streets. A crowd of carnival makers are seen above in a double stage-coach, such as only Paris could produce from its hidden stables, while an imitation of the screen's greatest comedian is seen standing by

THE BEARDED COPPER—IN MINIATURE: One of the fancy dresses of the Mi-Carême festival in Paris was that of M. Leclere, the bearded gendarme, worn by a diminutive merrymaker

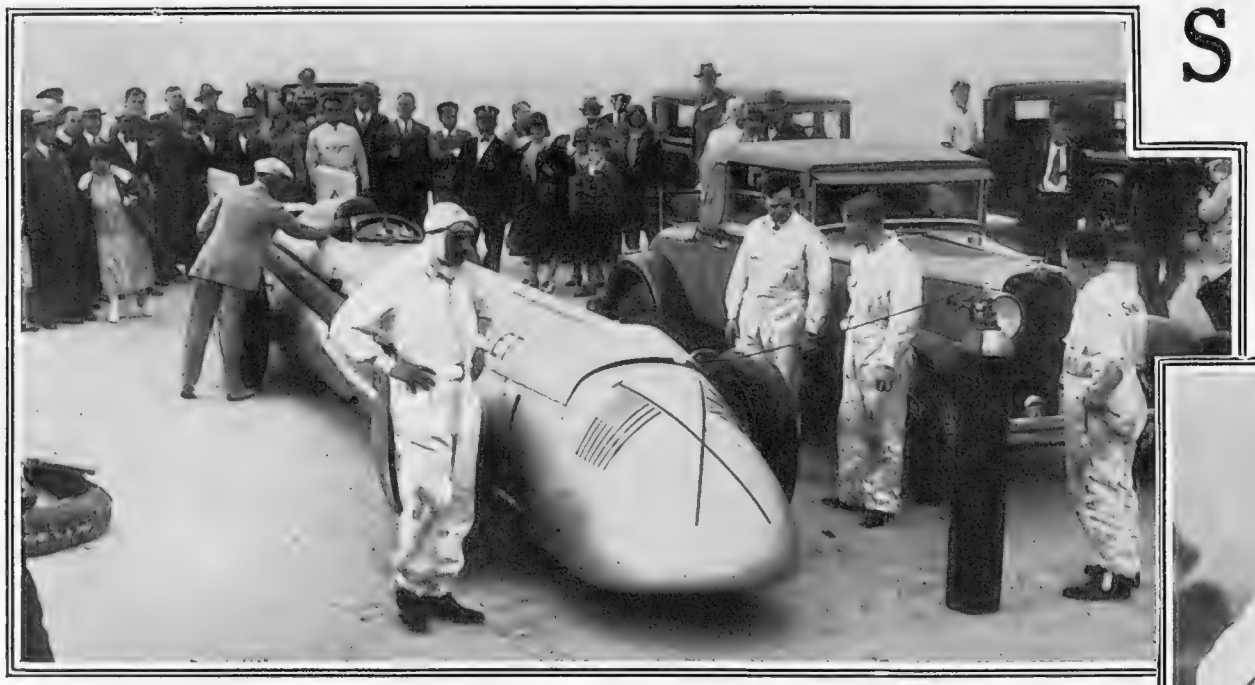
AT THE JERUSALEM RESIDENCY: A group comprising, from left to right, Sir John Chancellor, Captain Ross, Mr. Curt, Miss Chancellor, Mr. P. M. Archdale, Lady Chancellor, Sir John Massey. The picture was taken when the Governor of the Sudan, Sir John Massey, visited Sir John Chancellor

GANDHI MARCHES TO THE SEA: Unlike Sherman, Mahatma Gandhi marches with peace on his lips and civil disobedience and passive resistance as his programme, for he believes, despite his seditious propaganda, in the dictum of the American General, that War is Hell. Despite his fanfaronade to the Viceroy, answered in the iciest terms by Lord Irwin's secretary, Gandhi's campaign to break the Salt Laws has developed into something of a farce. The march proceeds but little enthusiasm is reported

INDIA'S "SAINT": Mahatma Gandhi, mystic, firebrand, iconoclast, and misguided patriot, clamouring for Swaraj, who would see his country up-to-date, strong, healthy, and virile, instead of inaolent, weak, vicious and depraved, and who yet by a singular muddle-headedness, is doing his best to force the most progressive element in India—the British Raj—out of the land

SPEED.

How it was Sought on Wheels, Hoofs, and Arms



IN THE BALANCE: Mr. Kaye Don with the "Silver Bullet" at Daytona. Considerable physical and other difficulties have marred the attempts Mr Don has so far made. At the time of going to press Sir Henry Segrave's record of 231 miles per hour still stands comfortably secure

KEEPING COOL: The radiator of the "Silver Bullet" is filled with ice—a necessity with such cars

THE INEVITABLE STUMBLING BLOCK: "May King" (G. Goswell up) comes to grief at Becher's Brook in the most thrilling National ever recorded. Only six horsemen finished out of a field of forty-one. "Shaun Goilin" and "Melleray's Belle" jumped the last fence together for the former to win at 100–8 by a neck

A DUAL CRASH: "May King" (G. Goswell up) in Becher's Brook, while "News Boy" (Captain Sassoon rode his own horse) got over but could not keep his own feet in "Shaun Goilin's" National during which no serious accident was recorded

*DARK BLUE: The Oxford Crew, who have had poor luck this year. **M. J. Waterhouse** (Eton and Balliol) (bow); 2, **R. V. Low** (Winchester and University); 3, **N. K. Hutton** (Fettes and University); 4, **C. M. Johnston** (Shrewsbury and B.N.C.); 5, **H. R. A. Edwards** (Westminster and Christ Church); 6, **L. Clive** (Eton and Christ Church); 7, **D. E. Tinne** (Eton and University); **C. F. Martineau** (Harrow and University) (stroke); **H. A. Dubridge** (Malvern and University) (cox)*

*LIGHT BLUE: The Cambridge Crew out at Putney. The crew are hot favourites for the race, especially as the Pembroke (Cambs.) boat in the Head of the River Race (where they ranked second) beat Oxford's time. **D. Haig Thomas** (Eton and Lady Margaret) (bow); 2, **H. R. N. Rickett** (Eton and Third Trinity); 3, **W. A. Prideaux** (Eton and Third Trinity); 4, **P. N. Carpmael** (Oundle and Jesus); 5, **M. H. Warriner** (Harrow and First Trinity); 6, **J. B. Collins** (Eton and Third Trinity); 7, **A. S. Reeve** (Brighton and Selwyn); **T. A. Brocklebank** (Eton and Third Trinity) (stroke); **R. E. Swartwout** (Middlesex, U.S.A., and First Trinity) (cox)*

The SPY of TO-MORROW.

An Authority on Intelligence Forecasts the Evolution of a New Type of International Agent

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Like everything and everybody else, the spy is undergoing a transformation.

How long ago, already, the days of a few stout fellows—an Erskine Childers, a Bertram Stewart, a Brandon, a Trench, perambulating Europe *en isolé*, the one taking soundings from a yawl, the other yachting under the Imperial nose at Kiel, the others again incorporating fortress defences in butterfly sketches. It sounds like the Middle Ages!

The spy that is on the way—and he (and she) *is* on the way—will be a very different customer. Not at all so romantic, but what he will lose in that respect he will gain in trained efficiency.

An initial glimpse of the morrow emanates from the Villa Lüttitz, Aachen. "At the Villa Lüttitz." How I should like to be a Mason (A. E. W.)! I learnt about the place while staying recently in the Rhineland. It was the French School for Spies during the Occupation, for the turning out of various grades of agent for the sustained and intimate watching of the Rest of Germany. Six grades of agent were trained there. Here they are, rising from the least to the chief:

Dupeur.—Agent who insinuates himself into workmen's organizations.
Mouton.—Agent who gets work in industrial centres in search of industrial secrets.
Racoleur.—Agent who recruits satellites.
Agent Baladeur.—Agent operating as a mobile free lance.
Agent Fixe.—Stationary observer in German city.
Trafiquante.—Star artiste doing deals for the acquisition of political, military, and industrial plans and secrets.

Pupils — principally renegade Germans, "bad eggs," weaklings, disgruntled, or having been blackmailed into it—were properly graduated after specialization in one branch or another, and under the skilful cramming of professsors of espionage, officers of the *Deuxième Bureau*. Some day, who knows, as this great big world keeps turning, we—no, not we, but our lucky descendants—may see a pukka Chair of Espionage at the oncoming Utilitarian University of the future. So much espionage will be needed as the struggle grows ever sterner on a swarming planet, spying being so very closely allied to the first law in Nature.

The spy of to-morrow . . .

I break off abruptly. I hear someone say: "But why should there be spies to-morrow? Aren't we all heading towards international goodwill and no more wars? Why spies, then?"

An answer to which is: "Even should A.D. 2000 be reached warlessly (and what a wonder that would be), the current state of the world has already decreed that the years and decades into which we are plunging shall be the most taut, confused, competitive (a mild term), jealous, and suspicious of modern times. And that being so, the secret agent is bound to propagate his species, as indeed he has already steadily done since the Armistice. Particularly should this be so in commercial and industrial spying, in international politics, and in the specialized military sphere. Spies will go on even if war stops—temporarily. In fact disarmament will breed spies on the principle that if you throw away your club by arrangement you naturally watch your man the more intently lest he try any tricks.

The spy of to-morrow, therefore, will above all things be a highly-trained specialist, whether man or woman. At the Villa Lüttitz one just gets a whiff of what is to come. Even now, if you cross the Atlantic, you will see commercial and industrial espionage being methodically developed for its intensive functioning-to-come. The Americans, who would be top-dogs not by the sword but by the dollar, are already concentrating on this side of their national equipment in their quiet, efficient way. From coast to coast are to be found institutes where the subtle art of finding out rivals' secrets is taught, and with a particular eye to foreign countries. A few years from now the first fruits of this training should be evident. Your young American of the future should be, by second nature, a spy; if, in a largely disarmed world, economic hegemony alone is to be his sure shield.

An important newcomer—judging by the shaping of events as 1919 drew on—should be what I shall label "the Explosives Spy." It is indicated that a vital part of any next European war would have to do with the persistent wrecking of vital points in the enemy's rear, particularly at the start. Thus it is no secret that what the French fear as much as anything else on the Mediterranean is a sudden coup against the coast considerably aided by internal wrecking round Marseilles and Toulon. and which, at its worst, could temporarily paralyse. In America, just before the end, the "Explosives Spy" began to get busy; whereby hangs a humorous tale. Upon one big munitions factory going into the air, eight different German agents reported directly after, claiming that they had engineered matters. One sees this courageous class of agent chiefly as the regular soldier, who also should develop the extremely perilous rôle of bogus agent — joining the opposition Intelligence Service and getting to know the identity of its agents as these operated under their numerical designations. A refinement of this practice should be witnessed.

But it is principally with the likely or potential development of the spy in any war-time of the decades ahead that this article is concerned.

By common consent any next war within computable distance would be a very sudden and swiftly-over affair—a surprise stroke carried through almost to completion before the League or anybody else could become articulate. Thus, should I live ten years, or even less, it would not surprise me to read one morning that the Germans had occupied certain parts of Silesia, Posen, and the notorious Corridor; that they were there; and what about it? Although few knew it, a forerunner of this kind of leap in the night was to have been staged from the Rhine had the Germans not signed the Versailles Treaty on June 28, 1919. That same night several Allied light divisions in lorries were to have leaped forward into Germany *a distance of no less than sixty miles*. Ten thousand Americans were to have done this from Coblenz, and to have made a like leap twenty-four hours later. A hundred and twenty miles in two days! Admittedly there was no opposition, and that we stood mobilized and ready on the Rhine but . . . well, I merely relate this piece of history in order to indicate that the notion and the means of "leaping" had been included in the military repertory over ten years ago.

A newcomer, therefore, in the espionage field will be what one may label the "anti-surprise spy." And he will indeed be a specialist. There was never occasion for his like to have existed heretofore, when a country's pitching into war was a lumbering affair—von Bülow's plans allowed three days for the reduction of Liége alone. No more "three days." One night.

This may all sound very bloodthirsty, yet what is it but a moderately intelligent reading of that which should occur if this century went to war again in Europe, it being demonstrably clear that air-cum-land surprise and speed would govern the strategy of any such campaign? Your "anti-surprise" spy will especially be located in and around his country's vulnerable points (on both sides of the frontier). Thus a French vulnerable point is the Modane valley leading down to the vital Lyons country; so the Turin country behind would require to be watched for such things as "manœuvres" which could be the prelude to a spring (I merely give this as an example).

Drawn by W. Bryce Hamilton

THE MOTH GIRL: The spy of to-morrow will be dropped by parachute; her disguise "neath" her arm

This kind of thing may read highly untrusting, yet for decades while Europe is essaying palliatives and cures for the ill (some say natural) of ages, while the process of trial and error will be evolving, nations will remain permanently on their guard against surprise, and in the forefront of their guard, like an insect's feelers, will be the anti-surprise secret agent. He should exist in several variations of expertism. Besides the "vulnerable point" variety, in all probability one particularly important agent will exist *in the air services* of foreign countries.

In the late War a German N.C.O. kindly delivered to us at Merville, in April, 1916, a brand-new latest type Fokker against payment of £50. Much in that vein is indicated for the future. The air and the laboratory will constitute the two chief repositories of surprise, and so the major spies of to-morrow will be allocated to them. Anti-gas and anti-germ and anti-ray spies will perambulate Europe even as did a Brandon and a Trench of old; but the "butterfly sketches" of a-day to come will not be of fortresses that have become out-moded but of such things as magnifications of bacilli. Turning aside momentarily to an obvious point, I imagine women will play a larger and more useful rôle in espionage of the future than they have in that of the past. That form of useful frailty which a famous general once referred to as "pillow espionage" will continue as one thing, but your "Moth" girl of the decades ahead, ever drawing more abreast of her brother in resistance, experience, and mind development and control, should actually be able to enter the realm of expertism in espionage, and there exhibit the necessary patience, sex-deletion, tenacity, and accuracy, in none of which did her elder sister shine conspicuously in the late unpleasantness. (One of our pretty ladies in

(Continued on page 38.)

THE UNLOCKER OF DOLL'S HOUSES: *The statue of Henrik Ibsen outside the National Theatre, Oslo*

After Ibsen and Strindberg
WHAT of the YOUTH of the NORTH

KARIN LILYA WHYTE

Tells of the Results of Recent Literary Influence on the Youth of Scandinavia

At the present moment two diametrically opposed forces are striving for the possession of the soul of the youth of Sweden. One consists of such revolutionaries as the advocate of "The Blue Book," who holds that in every town hall there should be placed a book in which young people should inscribe their names in lieu of a marriage ceremony, and when they, for some reason or other, had done with one another, they would jointly go and strike out their names. The other force is wielded by our admirable Archbishop and goes under the name of "The Home Week," with the motto "Christian Marriages." During this week lectures are given in the various towns and villages, and anything connected with the home receives attention and is explained and discussed.

The Archbishop is a type of the broadminded democratic scholar who seems to be able to embrace with interest every kind of social activity.

But to go back to "The Blue Book" it is natural to ask what may have been the origin of such disintegrating influences.

Best known over here would be the writings of Ibsen and Strindberg, but there are others of whom we will only mention Fredrika Bremer and Ellen Key, as having more especially been the means of kindling the latent powers of the women of the land.

In trying to fathom the art of Strindberg's writings it is well to bear in mind the verdict of his biographer, Mr. Erik Hedén, that there were a number of personalities within the one personality. This accounts for the endless controversies concerning him. Referring to her rather old-fashioned father a young friend of mine once said: "He is all right now that he has been through his Strindberg, but while he was reading his presentation edition he was very irritable and contrary."

The marvel of Strindberg was that people could not leave him alone even when he did upset them, because alongside with his extreme realism and fearless exposure of feelings and motives was the serene beauty of his style at his best and the passages where he allowed his tender heart to shine through.

Strindberg has remained the friend and the teacher of the working-class man even more than of the university student, though it is agreed that his realism has served as a salutary medicine to counteract the "correct" bureaucratic ideas evolved from centuries of officialdom. His novel *The Red Room* especially had this effect.

To get their sons settled in life by giving them a university education was a very deep-rooted notion among the middle classes in Sweden. Many a poignant tale of the sacrifice made by parents can be told though often with a humorous touch like the following. A widowed lady of small means wanted more than anything else to send her son to the university. He got in but failed time after time in his exams. When at last he succeeded there was great relief among his sympathetic fellow students. His comment: "There was learning to spare," brought the house down so to speak, and he felt it incumbent upon himself to offer them a festive repast.

Then came the anxious moment when he had to present the bills to his long-suffering mother. "And what is Chateau Margaux?" she queried. "Thirty shillings," he soliloquized, "this will never do!" "It is the name of the material for my new trousers," he ventured aloud. The poor, dear mother sighed, and paid.

In fairness to the youth of the country, however, it must be stated that they nearly all paid back the debts for their studies, whether to parents or friends, within the first ten years of their careers.

The technical schools, which are numerous, are nowadays vieing with the universities for members.

Just as Strindberg's *Red Room* had paved the way for reform within bureaucratic circles, so did his *Marriage* help to cast a new light on the problems of married life. This was all over again what had taken place some time before, when Ibsen burst upon an astounded world. Wherever there was a meeting of intellectuals discussions became heated for or against this daring disturber of the comfortable peace which, after all, did reign in the communities he pictured as such storm-centres. Out of all his plays nothing seems to have approached the disturbance created after the appearance of *The Doll's House*. And its influence on "home affairs" cannot be overrated. Much more really than Strindberg did Ibsen's writings provoke a change in the position of woman.

As Strindberg grips and has his hold on the working-class youths, so will their more highly-educated contemporaries become engrossed in Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*. Anyone who has studied the evolution of those decades, full of seething transformation in the minds of thinking and expectant young women, will agree that the pioneer was Fredrika Bremer, and the reaper of the harvest of understanding was Ellen Key.

The word of "Freedom for women" was passed by good old Fredrika Bremer, who certainly never realized the burden of responsibility she took upon her very feminine shoulders when she let loose this vision of beauty with a raging beast hidden inside it. Her novels when translated into English were read with such avidity even by the printers and bookstall vendors that they forgot time and space, duty and all.

Who would think her books exciting reading to-day, or who would consider that kind of stuff revolutionary? The pent-up emotions, for instance, of a clever girl whom tradition forced to sit over her needlework or to recite very proper poetry, and whose exercise would consist (on a rainy day) of hopping up and down holding on to a chair, until she, in the extreme of her agitation ran away to become—a governess!

Fredrika Bremer was the contemporary of George Eliot, who seemed rather disappointed when she met this champion of woman's rights, herself such a meek little woman.

She was to be followed, though, by one of a different temperament, one who in the heyday of her forceful campaigning carried the youth of Sweden triumphantly before her. This was Ellen Key. The sum of the message she had to give on matrimonial relations was that of truth and nothing short of moral. The true love was gether with new code, together with Ibsen's systematic exposure of the hypocrisy and hard set ideas of Society, and Strindberg's biting realism, was in many cases turned into half-digested maxims by the budding intelligentsia and gave satisfactory reasons at first for bursting open the flood-gates of tradition and letting in the waters of the new time — mud and all.

THE PRIMATE OF SWEDEN: *Archbishop Soderblom, the great force for evolution—not revolution*

The middle-aged took the opportunity of loosing old irksome matrimonial ties. The change in the latter category may be very aptly suggested by the story of how the famous Swedish painter, Carl Larsson, on entering a drawing-room, exclaimed: "Well, here I am with my old wife, while you are all provided with brand new ones!"

Ellen Key's family, in the seventeenth century originated from Scotland. She was, like Fredrika Bremer, an exceptionally high-minded and moral woman, brought up in the strict school of an old-fashioned home. Both her parents were very intellectual people, and her father, Emil Key, was one of the most active politicians of his day. She chose the career of a teacher, but devoted much of her time as secretary to her father and one of his political friends.

It was at the time of the parliamentary reform in Sweden, and political feelings ran high. The well-known Liberal paper, *Aftonbladet* for which her father and his friend often wrote leading articles, was in the habit of receiving everything in Ellen Key's handwriting. One day she wanted to express her own feelings in writing, and did so without putting her name to it. The father on reading the paper the next evening chuckled with delight. Fearing lest he would go to his friend and praise the article she confessed to having written it. "Well, I'm damned!' was his delighted exclamation, and she tells in the memoirs of her father that no flowery compliments could have pleased her more.

Ellen Key was a person of the greatest sincerity like Strindberg, but not of his moody temperament. She held her views and dared to express them with a conviction which baffled and took the breath away of staid old Conservatives like many members of the Swedish Academy (of literature) and others, and countless were the attacks on her and caricatures of her. I remember one by Einar Nerman, so clever that it hurts me not to be able to convey it to English readers, but in its simplicity it holds humours which cannot be translated.

Certain it is that Ellen Key held the attention and affection of the rising generation in an unprecedented manner. She would find numbers of young girl admirers sitting on the staircase leading to her flat in Stockholm just to be sure of catching a glimpse of her.

Later on, when Ellen Key retired and built herself a home on the historic shores of Lake Vetter, the whole nation rose up and paid homage to her in the shape of a subscription for her seventieth birthday. This gift she characteristically bequeathed together with her home to intellectual woman in need of rest. From those windows you have the wide outlook over greenish waters and blue sky, the airy rooms are filled with her beloved flowers and books and objects holding memories of her dear ones, just as it was when her fiery spirit has breathed it into life.

But just, as the Archbishop's campaign is counteracting the too free interpretation of these great writers' ideas and ideals, so there is another sound and healthy influence without which no reference to the development of Swedish youth can be complete, namely: the gymnastic system conceived and created by Peer Henrik Ling, the centenary of whose birth was celebrated in 1926.

A SWEDISH ICONOCLAST: *Ellen Key, from the portrait by Einar Nielsen in the Swedish National Gallery, Stockholm*

SWEDEN'S GEORGE ELIOT: *Fredrika Bremer.* Inset above—THE PESSIMISTIC REALIST: *August Strindberg*

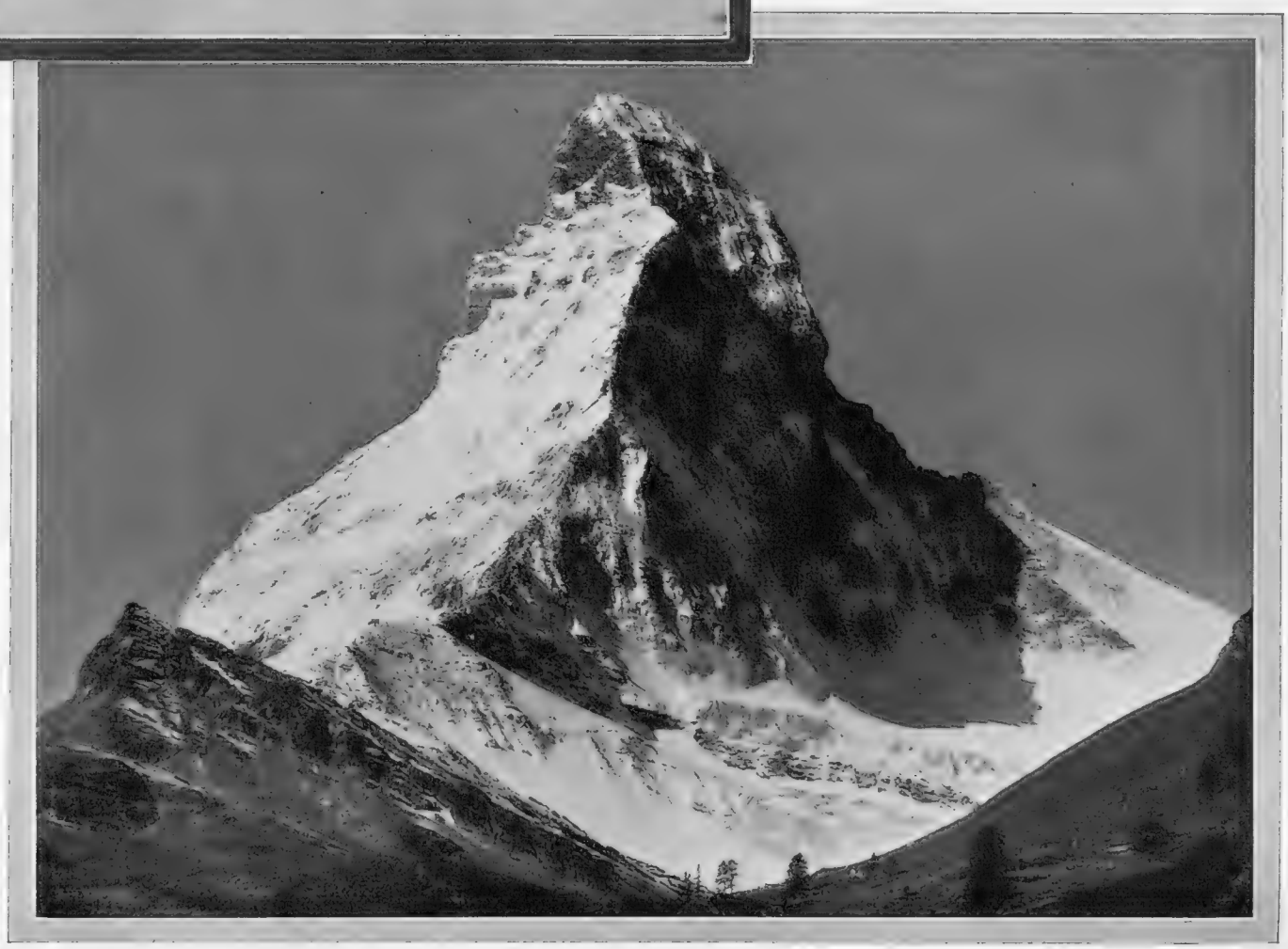
THREE NEW STUDIES of the **MATTERHORN**

Vivid Studies of Three Moods of the Mountain Grave of many Climbers

BATHED IN THE LIGHT OF THE SUN: The Matterhorn in this picture seems to emanate a geniality belied by its history of tragedy. The sun shines brilliantly upon its steep scarps, but its inviting aspect cloaks a malignant and ruthless quality

VEILED IN CLOUD: The formidable peak of the Matterhorn upon whose precipitous slopes many gallant mountaineers have met their death including Lord Francis Douglas, Dr. Black, and Miss Bell

The ascent of the Matterhorn is inextricably linked in the memory with the names of Whymper and and Douglas. After fruitless attempts by many climbers, including Professor Tyndall, it was finally conquered in 1865 by Mr. Edward Whymper and a party, four of whom—Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and a guide, Michael Croz—were killed in the descent, hurtling down a precipice 4,000 ft. deep, owing to the fracture of a rope. The body of Lord Francis has never been recovered and will only appear when the glacier moves to let the mountain give up its dead. Miss Walker successfully scaled it in 1871, and three men without a guide repeated the achievement in '76; but in '79, '90, and 1901 further fatalities were recorded



IN ITS TRUE LIGHT: A vivid study of the Matterhorn. Above on the left it is seen illusively bathed in sunlight masking its craggy austerity. On the right it is seen swathed in cloud, softening its harsh and cruel outlines. Here the mountain is seen in all its starkness—the grave of Lord Francis Douglas and three companions, and of many other intrepid mountaineers

THE CONQUEST OF THE DESERT.

How the Auto-bus and the Light Car are Pushing their Way into Every Part of the Great Saharan Desert—A Phase of the General Conquest of the Whole African Continent by Petrol

THE ANCIENT DESERT MODE: A caravan of five camels pursuing its leisur over the Saharan desert north of Ghard

CAMEL TRANSPORT REFUELLING ON THE DESERT: These camels, with the forelegs tethered, are quietly grazing on the brittle camel scrub which is here (between Laghaout and Ghardaia) quite plentiful

THE MODERN SHIP OF THE DESE TRANSATLANTIQUE CAR PAUSES SOUTHWARD JOURNEY: The roa slightly

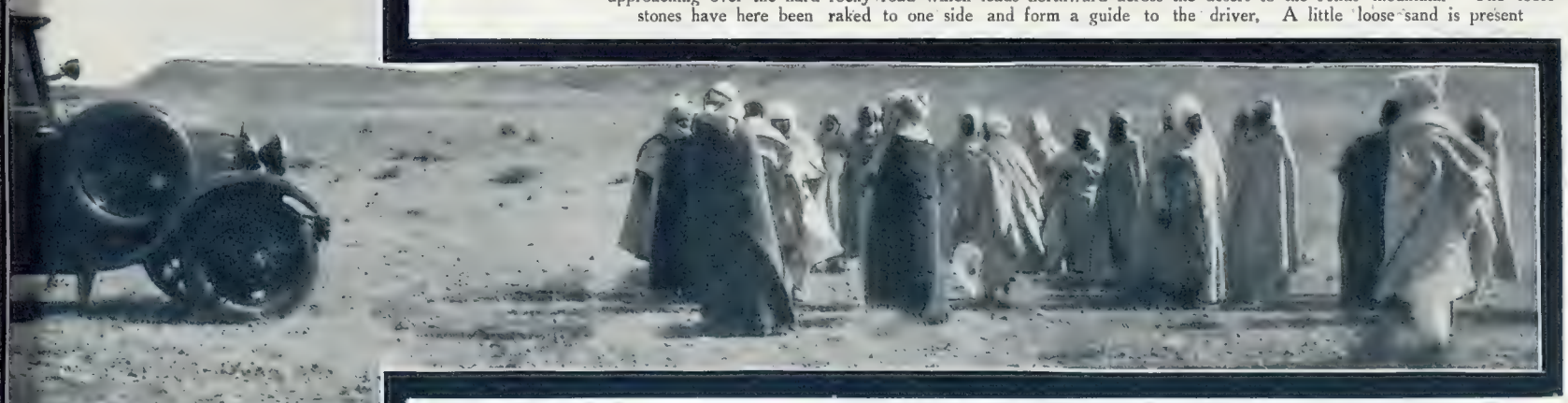
AN ARAB AUTO-BUS PLYING ON THE ROUTE NATIONALE ALGERIEN No. 1, WHICH CONNECTS ALGIERS WITH GHARD This is a good, sound road throughout its length, and it has telegraph poles all the way with kilometre posts at regular intervals. This particular bus is having tyre trouble and has stopped for repairs. *Above, on left*—CLASSICAL SAND DUNE COUNTRY: This type of desert scenery is confined to certain areas known as the Grand Erg Occidental and the Grand Erg Oriental. Both these big districts of sand dunes have quite defined edges, and their total area is ve compared with the open stony desert such as is shown above

"Hundreds of miles of motor roads into the heart of the Sahara, scores of big autobuses running half-way to Timbuctoo, as I had occasion to see from personal observation a few weeks ago, are ruthlessly tearing the veil from alluring mysteries, making the Sahara as safe as London, and relegating the hard, sun-scorched Foreign Legion to the humdrum life of garrison duty. Only a few "dissident" tribes in their mountain fastnesses in Southern Morocco are holding out against the French. The mysterious Hoggar, with the veiled Tuaregs on fleet white camels, promises to become a tourist resort at no distant date.' —Lady Drummond-Hay in *The Sphere*, March 29.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN THE DESERT—THE BIG CONCRETE SIGNBOARD AT EL GOLEA: In a wide central space in this desert oasis one is confronted with this astonishing signboard. Fort Mirabel lures one with a modest 143 kilometres, but the fancy can stretch out farther to Timimoun at 370, Reggan at 740 kilometres, and finally one can mentally make the dash of 2,000 kilometres to Gao

ARGE RENAULT MOMENT ON ITS a good made surface and is he side

BOWLING ACROSS THE DESERT ON A PISTE ROAD AT FIFTY KILOMETRES AN HOUR: This picture was snapped at a point forty kilometres north of El Golea as a Renault car was approaching over the hard rocky road which leads northward across the desert to the Atlas mountain. The loose stones have here been raked to one side and form a guide to the driver. A little loose sand is present



HE LIEUT.-GENERAL OF ALGERIA'S CAR DRIVES OUT ON TO THE DESERT TO MEET THE LOCAL CHIEFS: The local Agha and a number of Caids are here seen on the open stony desert a waiting the Governor-General, who has just arrived in his car, which has left the piste road and has come across the desert surface to the group of chiefs

Pictures by Fercy Home, February, 1930

There is, as Lady Drummond-Hay says in the quotation given at the head of this page, a veritable revolution taking place in the great desert of the Sahara. To almost every point of the compass the petrol-driven vehicle is pushing its way over roads and piste tracks made by French road-construction officers and their working squads of native Arab and other labour obtained from the neighbourhood of the roads under construction. A well-made road extends right through the Atlas from Algiers to Ghardaia (900 kilometres from Algiers), the capital of the Mozabites, the strange people described by Lady Drummond-Hay in a recent issue of "The Sphere." Southwards and westward and eastward one can plunge off into the vast and often waterless desert along pistes which provide fairly good going. At difficult spots the road engineers have made the way smooth with a small embanking or cutting. There is one area, the Tanesrouft, a stretch of 800 kilometres of absolutely barren country, of which prospective travellers still speak in awe, but this last terror of the desert is now taken at a run in specially constructed sleeping cars if you wish to reach Timbuctoo via Algiers and the desert.

BRITISH ART BLOOMS in the SPRING

Preparing for the R.A. Exhibition : Workers in Mosaic : Commendatore Formilli's Designs for the Brompton Oratory

"THE CATHEDRAL OF THE NAVY": Captain R. Borlase Smart, R.O.I., F.S.A., with his canvas of Nelson's immortal *Victory*

THE ARTIST OF A DUAL CAPACITY: Mr. Russell Flint, A.R.A., as a landscape painter. His anticipated Academy sensation, "Silver in Gold," is seen on the right

"SILVER IN GOLD": A prophesied sensation of the Academy, by Mr. Russell Flint, A.R.A. A portrait of a sitter not to be identified in the catalogue

FOR MANTELPIECE DECORATION: Mr. Philip Connard, R.A., at work in his studio on a striking design for interior decoration

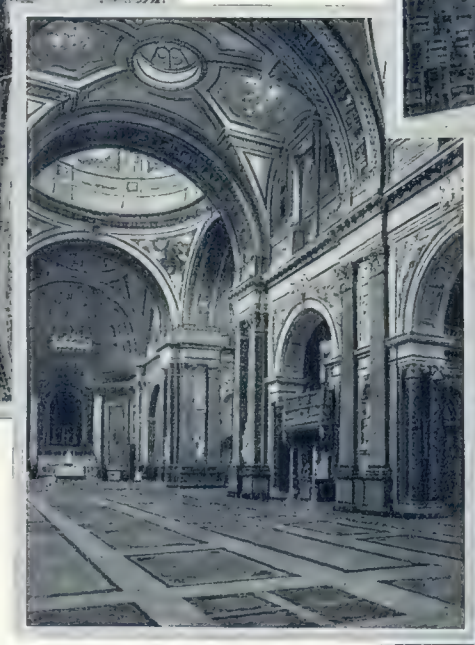
THE STORM-RAISER: Mr. Epstein watches the removal of his work from his Hyde Park Gate house. They are destined for the Venice Exhibition and will travel on the *Leonardo da Vinci*

BY THE PROBLEM ARTIST: Miss Diana Atkinson and her Borzoi with her portrait by the veteran artist, the Hon John Collier, whose "problem pictures" have been so popular a feature of so many past Academies

NEWLY ELECTED: Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly, A.R.A., who was elected a Royal Academician in February, with a portrait of Mr. Hugh Walpole, the distinguished author, which he will exhibit at this year's Academy

THE CORNISH SCHOOL: Miss Midge Bruford with her picture, "The Grandmother," on view at the Passmore Edwards Art Gallery, Newlyn, before sending it into the R.A.

THE ARTIST AT WORK: Commendatore Formilli with one of his designs at Brompton Oratory



THE DESIGN FOR THE DECORATION OF THE BROMPTON ORATORY: Commendatore C. T. G. Formilli's striking scheme of brilliantly coloured décor

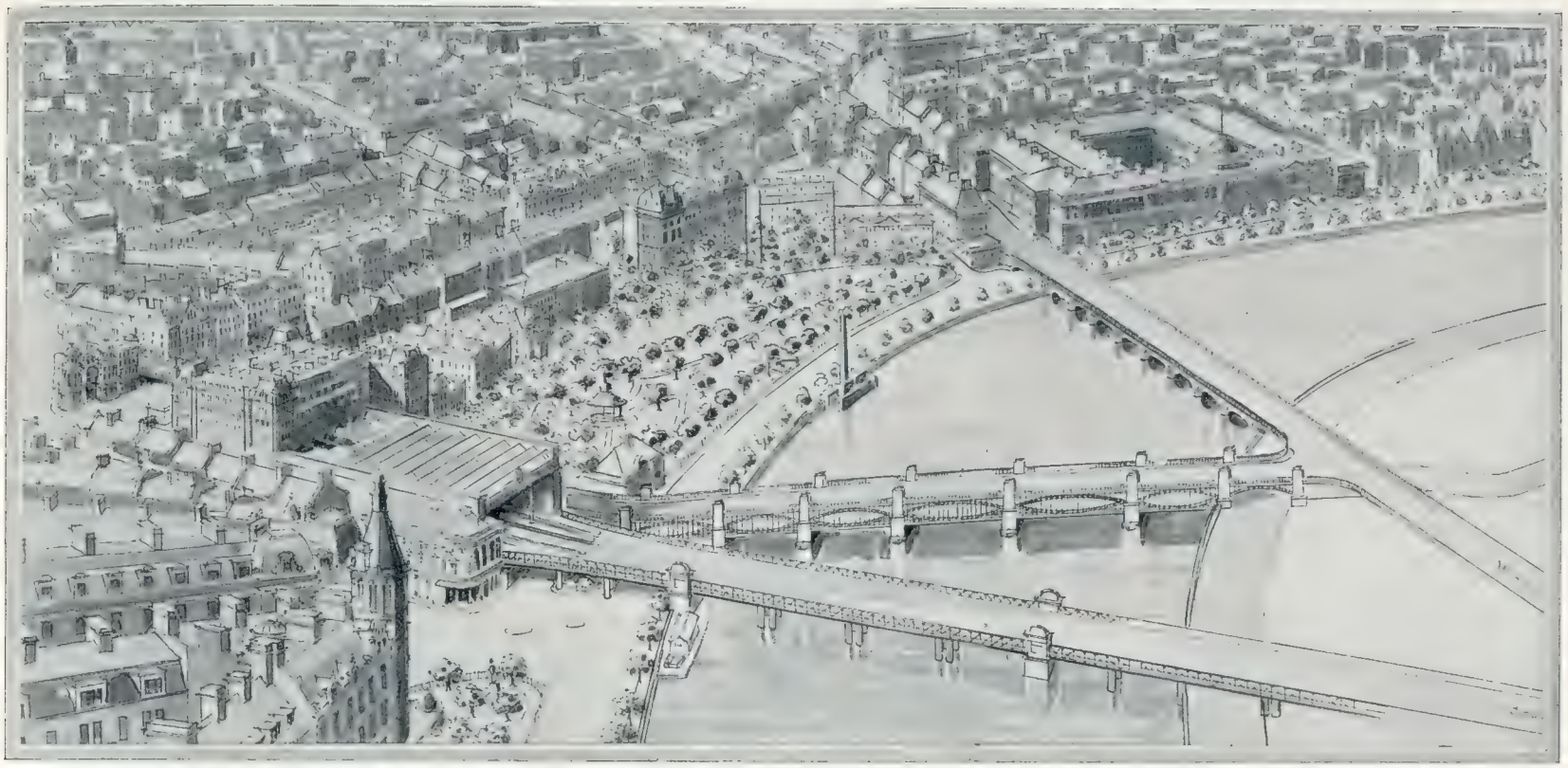
PRODUCED IN NINE YEARS: Mr. Maurice R. Josey and his remarkable mural decorations of glass mosaic executed at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Droitwich Spa. It will be the only modern church in the world to be decorated in this manner, eight tons of quarter-inch glass having been imported from Venice for the purpose. Mr. Josey, whose home is at Shepherd's Bush, has a further four-years' task. He is one of the few remaining glass mosaicists. He was trained by Sir William Richmond, R.A.

500 PIECES TO A SQUARE FOOT: Mr. T. Josey, a mosaicist at work in Westminster Cathedral

A great piece of mosaic church decoration is that of the Brompton Oratory, which is being carried out by Commendatore C. T. G. Formilli. As the church was designed after that of St. Philip Neri in Rome, which is distinguished by the use of brilliant colour, the artist determined to maintain the tradition, and when some years hence the work is completed and the vividness of the tessarae *has been toned down by time, the Oratory will be one of the most resplendent buildings of its kind in London. The Commendatore is a magnificent craftsman and a highly endowed artist who has been settled for many years in London, and is well known as the author of several books on Italian architecture, illustrated by his own water colours.*

Why not A SIDEWAYS BRIDGE Across the Thames?

Sir Ernest Moir's Proposal for a Solution of the Charing Cross Bridge Problem



Drawn by Edward W. Japp

A BRILLIANT SOLUTION TO A FORMIDABLE PROBLEM: Sir Ernest W. Moir's treatment of the Charing Cross Bridge involves the creation of a double-decker structure set skew-wise over the river. Traffic from the Embankment would run on the lower level: that from the Strand on the upper. Charing Cross Station would remain as it is, while the present railway bridge would be maintained as an economic factor. An additional advantage to be derived from the skewed bridge would be that of gradient because of its greater length. Owing to the river traffic, a high clearance is necessary, and under other double-decker schemes, if square across the river, the bridge would have to be steep. A new route from east to west (via the Commercial Road) would connect with the south end of this proposed bridge as indicated on the extreme right of the above drawing

MR. ERNEST HERBERT'S SOLUTION: A model, exhibited at the Architectural Exhibition, Bedford Square. There would be only one method of access—from the Cavell Memorial; Charing Cross Station and the railway bridge would be discarded, and the Embankment traffic would pass beneath the new bridge

Sir Ernest Moir's scheme involves the creation of a double-deck structure giving access from the Embankment level on the one side to a new bridge, and under the existing Waterloo Bridge on the south side, and connecting with Commercial Road and other streets little used until it ultimately connects with the south end of Southwark Bridge. By such an arrangement a new and direct route from Northumberland Avenue and Whitehall Place on the Embankment level at the river side can be utilized. Going northwards from the Embankment the proposed high-level viaduct passes up alongside the station, with which it does not interfere, and covers a part of Villiers Street. It then crosses the Strand by a bridge and descends near and to the north of St. Martin's Church. Sir Ernest's original suggestion, put forward in 1924, was to make the connection to the new bridge by crossing the Strand by a bridge, the road starting somewhere near Nurse Cavell's statue to the north of St. Martin's Church. The result would give a high-level road to the Southern railway station and a north and south traffic route which would not congest the Strand by crossing it at the level. The position of Charing Cross Station and bridge could be dealt with later. There would be a covered way for pedestrians on the lower level to be used if ever Charing Cross Station was moved to the south side. The high-level bridge would reduce congestion and the low-level bridge with very fine approaches from Northumberland Avenue and Whitehall Place as well as the Embankment, would incidentally give a shorter and new route right through London to beyond the Mansion House

THE OFFICIAL SOLUTION: The L.C.C. model submitted to the Select Committee of the House of Commons. This grandiose scheme involves a high-level bridge approached only from the Strand, the scrapping of Charing Cross Station and the present railway bridge and, like Mr. Herbert's scheme, the creation of a large new road from the Cavell Memorial to the new bridge, continued on the other side. The Southern Railway would have its terminus at Waterloo. Inset above is Charing Cross, which is untouched only under Sir Ernest Moir's design

THE WAR MACHINE: The Emperor Napoleon

MEN WAR WITH GODS

Napoleon and Eleven Others: Richelieu: And Three Literary Jokes

By JAMES LAVER

After half a century in opposition Carlylism — the worship of great men — seems to be coming into its own again. Historians and those who work on the fringe of history are tired of tendencies, mass-movements, and economic interpretations. Even the disciples of Marx bow the knee to Lenin, as if an inevitable evolution had become incarnate in the person of some new god.

The Catholic Church, of course, could never adopt any theory of *inevitable* development, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, as her champion, must believe in the freedom of the individual will before all things. History has happened, as we see, because certain individuals willed, although what has happened is not what they willed but something other. In *Richelieu* (Benn. 21s. net), he sets out to show us how the modern world took shape. His theory, briefly stated, is this. In the early seventeenth century there was a strong movement, directed by Austria and Spain, towards the re-unification of Europe. This involved the re-catholicizing of those states which had fallen away at the Reformation by subduing them to the rule of the Habsburgs. Richelieu, as a Churchman, was bound to approve of the re-establishment of the Faith; as a Frenchman he was bound to object to the hegemony of the Imperial house. He bribed Gustavus Adolphus to ruin the Habsburg cause, and in doing so wrecked the prospects of the Church, divided Europe, brought about the rise of nationalities, and so was the ultimate cause of the last War and the instability in which we live at present.

For the skill with which Mr. Belloc marshals his facts, for the clearness of his exposition, for the dramatic intensity of his style there can be nothing but admiration. "As interesting as a novel" is to me beggarly praise. This book is more interesting than all but the greatest novels. And it has the advantage of being true. At least its facts are true. Its main theme is too obviously dictated by Mr. Belloc's propagandist purpose.

Mr. Belloc has kept his eyes fixed on Latin civilization, and on the salvaging operations of the Church until he can see nothing else, For him all went well so long as Catholicism was supreme, all went ill as soon as it ceased to be so. The Reformation was, he thinks, simply a matter of loot, whereas it was in reality that powerful combination of Principle and Interest which brings in its returns to this day. Was the world more peaceful before nationalism was invented? The question for Mr. Belloc is beside the point. Was civilization safer? It depends on what you mean by civilization. For Mr. Belloc the Italian peasant woman burning a candle before the shrine of the local genius (whatever Christian name may happen to have been bestowed upon it) is more civilized than Goethe.

To the less partisan historian the evolution of the English and French monarchies is not opposite but parallel, and has nothing to do with Protestantism and Catholicism at all. In one absolutism crystallized under Henry VIII and was disintegrated by 1688. In the other it solidified under Richelieu and Louis XIV, and was broken up in 1789. The two chemical experiments were simply conducted at different times.

This gathering of Europe once more under the wing of Rome; is it in the least likely to happen? A strong attempt was made after the disappearance of Napoleon, and the answer was 1848, the year of Revolutions. Is it even desirable? Some of us may think the unity of Europe too dearly bought at such a price, the mutilation of knowledge, the rigours of ecclesiastic discipline, the clerical censorship of books—so that all might read the works of Mr. Belloc but none the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. But we do not read Mr. Belloc in order to agree with him, but because he is one of the most brilliant and provocative of modern writers. It would be a pity if we had no *advocatus diaboli!*

The theme of the individual will and its effect on history is treated also in *Twelve Against the Gods*, by William Bolitho (Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net). Alexander, his first hero, might have changed the face of the world so many times by a chance decision! Mr. Bolitho has not Mr. Belloc's commanding grace of style. He is terribly sibilant and polysyllabic; but his consciousness of the modern world is as sharp as the image in a microscope. He takes twelve adventurers—Alexander, Casanova, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagliostro, Charles XII, Napoleon I and III, Catiline, Isadora Duncan, and Woodrow Wilson (what an assembly!), and use them not only to illustrate what natures they have in common, but to throw light upon the enduring conditions of the world. His reflections are always illuminating, as when he remarks that the age of Voltaire is also the age of fairy tales, and that the beginning of folk-lore should be post-dated to the time when primitive man had lost his brightest illusions, or when he says (concerning Cagliostro) that Alchemy, like Astrology, breeds no sceptics. Mr. Bolitho has an active, restless mind, that sees comparisons everywhere, and finds modern New York not unlike the Rome of Catiline. His study of the first Napoleon is especially penetrating. The Emperor did not give his brothers jobs because he liked them, or because he thought he ought to, but because they *were* himself in a way no Englishman can understand, and because it was only through them that he could savour his conquest. They were used by him, as Mr. Bolitho says, as "a complex organ of taste."

BROTHER AND NEPHEW-IN-LAW: Louis, King of Holland

THE WARRIOR BROTHER: Lucien, who quarrelled with Napoleon

THE ELDEST BROTHER: Joseph created King of Spain

"Napoleon did not appoint his brothers to thrones for any personal love of them. It was to express a personal sense of expansion or expression of his own says Mr. Bolitho

This question of Napoleon's family is exhaustively dealt with in *Josephine, the Portrait of a Woman*, by R. McNair Wilson (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s. net). The book is a record of the duel between Josephine and the Buonapartes, and it succeeds because it makes Josephine credible. She hardly pretended to love her husband, still less to be faithful to him; she held him chiefly because she never appreciated him, just as his mother held him because to her he was never more than a younger son who was doing quite well in the world, and, under the circumstances, really ought to do more for his family. It is pleasant to find Josephine at last scraped free of the syrup in which she has been preserved so long, and to be able to taste the richness of her personality, for personality she had with all her shadiness, with all her shoddiness. Truly as strange a couple as ever sat upon a throne, and Napoleon when he put her aside lost not so much a woman as a portion of himself, the boyish portion which thought it fine to be married to a "real" lady, and to try to impress her on the battlefields of Italy and Egypt.

The Love-Diary of a Boy, by Shaw Desmond (Humphrey Toulmin. 8s. 6d. net), is a very strange book. It is supposed to be based on authentic documents, and to present a genuine revelation of the troubles of adolescence. I do not know how to take it. For a time I thought it was satire, for it seemed incredible that so egregious a booby as the hero could possibly exist. He is "saved" every few pages. (One of the entries reads: "Saved again and the pimple much smaller. There *is* a God.") Did any real diarist ever write "Saved *again*"? I am left with the uncomfortable feeling that the whole thing is a joke and that I can't see it.

Two genuinely funny books remain to be mentioned. The first, *The Specialist*, by Charles Sale (Putnams. 3s. 6d. net), is well described by the publishers as "innocently Rabelaisian." It is in the grand tradition of American humour—the older tradition of Mark Twain and Max Adeler, and it is extremely amusing. Real laughter of this kind is so rare that it seems ungrateful to suggest that it is a very small book indeed for 3s. 6d. I suppose that means 1 dollar, and 300,000 dollars have already been paid for it in the United States.

The other humorous work is *The Stray Lamb*, by Thorne Smith (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net), a mildly naughty work about a New York "commutor" who changes into various animals. Mr. Lamb, the hero, is not so funny as a dog as he is as a goldfish, but he is funnier still as a horse. Too high-spirited a book to go to bed with.

briefly recommended

Fragments of a Political Diary, by *Joseph M. Baernreither, Edited by Joseph Redlich.* **(Macmillan. 16s. net.)**—Backstairs Habsburg history of immediately pre-War days written with authority by a now dead statesman. South Slav politics are the leading topic of the book.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus—his Life and Times, by *C. Clayton Dove.* **(Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)**—"The prize prig of history" treated with insight and delicacy. The husband of Faustina given a background other than *sanem et circenses.* The author of the "Meditations" translated from shadowy moralist to human being.

The North Pole of the Winds, by *William Herbert Hobbs.* **(Putnam. 21s. net.)**—The story of three scientific expeditions to the Arctic to establish an aerological station on the Greenland ice-cap. Not too technical for the layman; not too adventure-story for the intelligentsia. But the rescue of the Rockford fliers is the best of the book.

The Ayesha—a Great Adventure, by *H. von Mücke.* **(Philip Allan. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The epic (comparable only to the Anabasis and Katabasis of Xenophon) of the landing-party put ashore under Lieutenant von Mücke from the *Emden* before her defeat by the *Sydney.* The fifty men sailed, marched, and fought from Cocos Keeling to Germany. The script has been edited by J. G. Lockhart who contributes an account of the *Emden's* adventures.

Moscow Unmasked, by *Joseph Douillet.* **(Pilot Press. 8s. 6d. net.)**—The late Belgian Consul in Russia tells the truth about the Soviet Russia—a record of nine years' work and observation. *All Quiet* and the extravagant horrors of Baudelaire, Poe, and the Marquis de Sade are eclipsed by truth—stranger, as usual, than fiction. Translated (excellently) by A. W. King.

Sober Truth, by *Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell.* **(Duckworth. 10s. 6d. net.)**—Joanna Southcote, General Tom Thumb, Lola Montez, D. D. Home, Brigham Young, Louis de Rougemont, Jack the Ripper, Dreyfus, Tichborne, and King Christopher of Hayti are a few of the strange stories told. Mr. Sitwell's essay is brilliant—as usual.

Scenes on VARIED FIELDS OF SPORT.

Woman's Active Participation in the Open Air Life

PREPARED FOR ANYTHING: The goalkeeper for the Southern team during the Ladies' Lacrosse match between North and South teams at Aigburth, Liverpool. The body pad is reminiscent of that worn by the catcher (Anglice, wicket-keeper) at baseball. ***On left***—BRIGHTER CRICKET: Mr. J. Elson, the Westminster School coach, sets up the new-size wicket

INTERNATIONAL: Ireland's goalkeeper sees England score their first goal at Beckenham

ATALANTA BRITANNICA: Miss E. W. Edwards, the champion runner, forced to retire from the sport through ill-health, took up riding. Now fit again, she uses her horses and dogs to pace her

A CHAMPION IN THE MAKING: Master John Ricks, aged four, brother of Miss Olive Ricks, who at the age of thirteen has won over 300 prizes in the ring, competed in the riding class for children under ten at the National Pony Show. John is seen above mounted on Freckles

FOR THE INNER—WOMAN: A moment during Mrs. Forestier-Walker's luncheon party, at which Sir Gerrard Fuller and Mrs. J. P. Walker were guests, at the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt Point-to-Point Races, which took place near Tetbury, Glos.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST: Lord and Lady Allerton enjoy a joke with the Misses Joan and Prudence Lane-Fox when the Bramham Moor Hunt met recently at Bickerton Bar, near Wetherby and Knaresborough, Yorks

The Survey of The Sphere.

The Polish-German Tariff Treaty Signed : A Cairo Demonstration : America's "Victory" : Princess Ileana's Shattered Romance : An Imposing Funeral in Brooklyn

SETTLEMENT AT LAST : The historic moment when the tariff bar between Germany and Poland was terminated by treaty. M. Raucher, the German plenipotentiary in Poland, is seen on the left, M. Twardowski, the Polish Minister to Berlin, on the right, in the Ministerial Council Chamber, Warsaw

"OLD IRONSIDES" : The U.S.S. *Constitution*, a frigate, originally launched 132 years ago, has been re-launched at Charlestown Navy Yard, Mass. £80,000 was raised for her by American school-children. She is the *Victory* of the States

FAREWELL TO THE DELEGATES : The demonstration by students in Cairo when the delegates to London, who will have the task of discussing the proposed Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, left. The students mobbed the railway station

A SHATTERED ROMANCE : Princess Ileana of Rumania with her ex-fiancé, Count Alexander Hochberg of Pless, in Transylvania. Diplomatic pressure broke the engagement

MUNICIPAL NEW YORK AT A BROOKLYN FUNERAL : A group heading the 300 honorary pall-bearers at the obsequies of Borough President of Brooklyn, N.Y., Mr. Byrne. The service was held at St. Joseph's Church. *From left to right*—Borough President Julius Miller of Manhattan, Ex-Governor Al Smith, Mayor (of New York), James J. Walker, Comptroller Charles Berry, and Deputy Clerk George N. Young. Over 30,000 lined the route

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

CHANGING MOODS OF OUR NAVAL CONFERENCE VISITORS: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with Signor Grandi — above. Below, with Signor Grandi and M. Tardieu

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

DYING—DYING——?—The world's five greatest sea powers assembled in London are in a bad way at this writing. The Naval Conference is faced with the spectre of failure. Failure to reduce the factors for war or to increase the potential powers for peace.

Two months' labour over £250,000 expenditure. Results so far—world-wide disappointment, malevolent germs of another international tragedy. American popular opinion, thanks to President Hoover and the American Press, placed the responsibility of the Geneva Naval Conference failure in 1927 upon one of her own citizens. Who is the "Big Bill" Shearer of the London Conference?

Human nature, it is being discovered, still has all the defects and weaknesses which characterized it before the world passed through the fiery crucible of 1914 to 1918. Personal and national ambition, suspicion, mistrust, hatred, rivalry, prejudices, wealth, poverty, over-population, unemployment, economic depression.

The London Conference is additional evidence that the Versailles Peace Treaty did not establish "world peace." Rather that it sowed seeds of potential war between the victorious Allies of those fateful days. There is not lacking a touch of sardonic humour for the gods of war in the veritable fox-trot of diplomats and statesmen to evade the accusing finger of "responsibility" for failure of the Conference to accomplish anything up to date. Tardieu says it is Mussolini's demand for "parity" with France. Mr. MacDonald privately scolds both as bad boys who make faces at one another. Mr. Hoover says "You Europeans fight it out among yourselves." Premier Hamaguchi, called the "Lion" in Japan, but who never roars, says nothing, waits, watches.

Britain cannot reduce further in view of France's obvious goal of a first-class navy to her first-class army and world's greatest military air force. America, with God-given isolation and two vast ocean-barriers, will not reduce because Britain cannot. Japan, ever-smiling silent sphinx of the far east, has one eye on America, the other on Britain. She accuses no one, but looks far and deeply into the future.

Individual and national "prestige," necessities for "diplomatic victory" for political reasons, are the rocks on which the Conference has run hard and fast aground threatening to wreck. The prestige and political needs or opposition of MacDonald, Hoover, Tardieu, Mussolini, Hamaguchi, their cabinets, and parliaments. To exaggerated public hopes aroused by too theatrical publicity accorded MacDonald's visit to Washington, and too little preliminary diplomatically-explored prospects and possibilities, was added a second mistake—the secrecy of proceedings when the delegates assembled in London. That immediately revealed the inherent weakness, the fatal lack of preliminary preparations, disclosed Mr. MacDonald as an in-expert stage-manager, and gave rise to the thought that the Conference was precipitated by domestic political needs in London and Washington.

North Africa, the vast Sahara, the Mediterranean, where French and Italian aspirations and interests are daily clashing harder, project their ominous shadow over the Conference. That the Sahara desert should be a factor in the Naval Conference is one of those strange paradoxes. It is not the first time that North Africa has changed trend of history.

Should the Conference fail, those well-meaning but misguided sentimental Pacifists, individuals and organizations, whose pressure helped to bring about prematurely the meeting of the five sea powers before the time was ripe, will have to shoulder their share in the failure—and the consequences.

MENTAL BROADCASTING.—Wireless, radio, and television are filling the ether spaces with winged thoughts, voices, or pictures. Science is steadily extending the bridge to span the gulf between the visible and invisible worlds. Gigantic new telescopes in course of construction promise to penetrate millions of miles farther into the immensity of the universe and reveal thousands of undiscovered stars. With new microscopes man is delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the infinitesimal worlds invisible to the human eye.

Not so rapid, however, is the progress of research into the realms of mind and soul—surrounded by invisible walls impenetrable by telescope or microscope.

The theory of mental telepathy—thought-transference from brain to brain under exceptional psychic conditions where "mind is attuned to mind"—was affirmed long before wireless and radio communication through the ether was discovered.

Reports of extraordinarily interesting experiments in thought-transference come from Vienna. The other day, so it is claimed, the sending of the one-hundredth telepathic message between Vienna and Athens was a noteworthy event in Psychic Research circles. Week after week "telepathograms" or "thoughtograms" have been exchanged between the two cities. In Vienna Captain Gross, a "telepathist," was the "station"—his brain being both transmitter and receiver. He is under the control of Professor C. Schneider, noted biologist in the University of Vienna. The Athens "station" is Miss Elpinki, a Greek medium controlled by the specialist, Professor Tanagra.

At a given time every week Captain Gross, with Professor Schneider present, concentrates his mind on a geometric figure, a number, or something similar, which he draws on a piece of paper. At the same moment Miss Elpinki in Athens, with Professor Tanagra in attendance, concentrates her mind to "receive" and then reverses the operation. She draws on a piece of paper what comes to her mind. The paper is then sealed and mailed to Professor Schneider who has mailed to Athens the "message" that Captain Gross mentally transmitted and drew with a pencil.

Astonishing success is claimed for the experiments. Occasional failures have been as interesting as success. Recently Miss Elpinki transmitted a six-pointed star. Captain Gross received a swastika cross. Another time Gross drew a coffin, and by the side of it the outline of a woman. He believed that was the message transmitted to him. When the letter came from Athens it developed that Miss Elpinki had not sent any message at all that week at the usual hour agreed upon. Her father had suddenly died two days before and was buried a few hours before the time set for the experiments. She was in no state of mind to be interested in the experiment that day. The "thoughtogram" registered by Captain Gross, however, is taken as convincing proof that his mind was "attuned" to that of Miss Elpinki.

B. R. Kirby, an Englishman, has constructed an instrument which he calls the "reflectograph," for which it is claimed that it registers "intensive thought images."

LAND OF THE RISING—EARTH.—Tokio, the modern iron-and-concrete capital of Japan, is celebrating with gala and feasting the completion of its reconstruction at an estimated cost of £84,750,000, seven years after the earthquake and fire in September 1923, which devastated 8,833 acres of the city and claimed some 60,000 human victims.

Above shrill public rejoicing, through tense, reverent silences, as the Emperor traverses New Tokio, triumphantly risen from the ashes of destruction, booms the voice of the prophet, warning the proud Japanese citizens that they still walk with Death. Dr. Akitsune Imamura, the famous seismologist, announces that although he attaches no undue importance to the recent repeated tremors in the Ito and Atami districts, he was alarmed by the sharp earthquake which occurred at Wakayama on March 11. In so many learned words, Dr. Imamura warns his compatriots of the possibility of a recurrence of seismic disaster in the Kansi area, which includes the great cities of Kobe and Osaka, twenty or thirty years hence.

Dr. Imamura's words are regarded as prophecy rather than mere warning, because he accurately predicted the terrible catastrophe of 1923 seventeen years before it happened.

He is urging the Government and public to subscribe funds for seven seismic stations in the Kansai districts, so that timely precautions may minimize damage and the death-roll.

RESIGNATION MILITANT.—On April 8, 150,180,000 Buddhists all over the world celebrate the birth of Buddha, the "Light of Asia." Just as Christians at Christmas worship Christ the child so do Buddhists honour images of the infant Buddha—as unfamiliar in the west as are familiar the ubiquitous statues of the adult Buddha in meditation, prayer, or attitude of preaching.

Images of the Buddha-child are set up in the temples to be bathed in liquorice-tea by worshippers, who afterwards buy the sanctified liquid regarded as a holy specific against diseases and insects in the house.

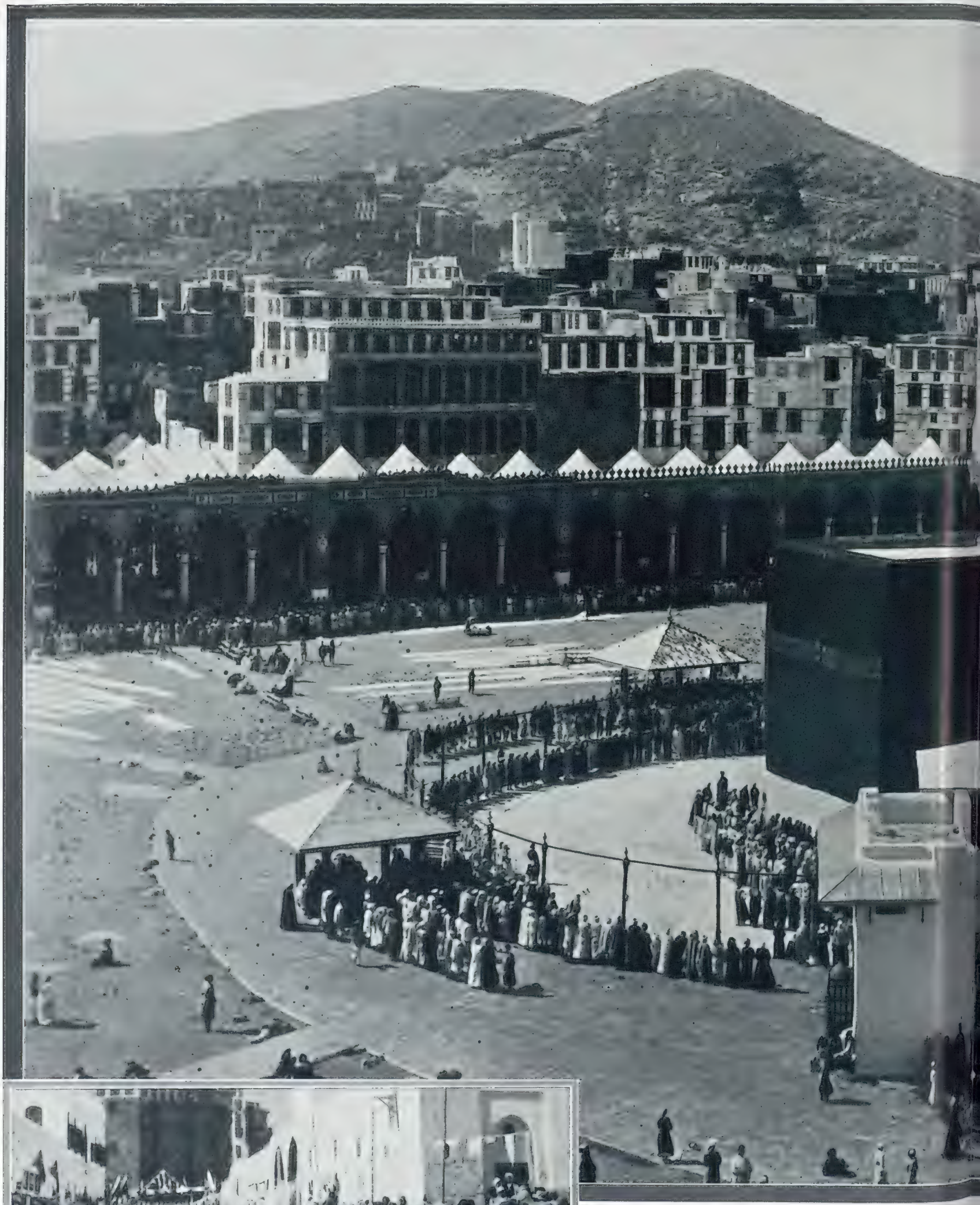
Buddhism is the most "Christian" religion existing, professing and practising exaggerated resignation and pacificism towards man and beast. Buddhists believe in the universal salvation of all mankind and in the brotherhood of humanity.

Pacific, philosophical, and meditative as it primarily may be, the invasion of our high-speed machine age does not dismay the followers of the "Yellow Robe," who very practically have set themselves to "modernize" Buddhism. This renaissance is being expressed by sending Buddhist missionaries to the west, not merely to proselytize where possible, but to study the structure and mentality of the twentieth century western civilization which threatens the age-old peace and is shaking the apathy of the east. Buddhism is marching with the times, borrowing educational and propaganda ideas from modern Christianity. Buddhist versions of the Y.M.C.A., Sunday schools, welfare centres, social clubs, and kindred organizations are already established and flourishing in the far east.

THE PHOENIX CITY: The new Tokio re-arisen from the shambles of the earthquake-riven old

The HOLY of HOLIES of ISLAM: The

Special Pictures of the Great Mosque Square at Mecca, where is Housed the Kaaba, w



AWAITING THEIR PRINCE: The Guard of Honour in one of the streets of Mecca awaiting King Feisal when he made pilgrimage to the Kaaba

THE CENTRE OF THE MUSLIM WOR

The great square called Masjid-il-Haram, the Square of the Sacred Mosque in the centre of which is the Kaaba, the cubical building which is thus referred to in the first section of the fourth part of the Qur-an, to use the proper spelling for the more familiar form of Koran — "Most surely the first house appointed for men is the one at Mecca, blessed, and a guidance to the nations." The Kaaba is covered with a black silk carpet which is renewed every year and is transported with much ceremony from Egypt, where it is woven. It acquires its sanctity from its relation to and subsequent use of the Kaaba. The marble walls of the interior of the Kaaba are hung with red silk curtains. Its door is placed several feet above the ground level, and entrance to it is gained by means of a ladder

KAABA in the Sacred City of MECCA.

h Hears the Passionate Cry of the Pilgrims: "Here I am, O My God, Here I Am"

RLD: The Kaaba in the Square of Mecca

by those who desire to pray in it. The archways at the back lead out to other parts of the city. The small buildings, three of which are seen in the square, are named after certain learned and pious men who lived in the ancient days shortly after Muhammad and left their impress on the theological discussions of the time. They founded four major schools of thought and the modern leader of that particular school takes his stand in the appointed building and leads his followers in their prayers. It will be noticed that the Kaaba stands inside a railed-off space. This inner space is reserved for those pilgrims who are making the prescribed seven circuits around it, while the unenclosed space is for those who are merely making their ordinary devotions.

THE SHRINE OF ISLAM: The Kaaba at Mecca to which Muslims turn when performing their devotions at the bidding of the Muezzin

MECCA

NEW PICTURES
taken in the Holy City

THE DOORWAY OF THE KAABA: Set 8 ft. from the ground, it is a matter of great difficulty to enter its portal, and the press of the Faithful renders the approach even more difficult. The use of *back-sheesh*, however, makes access easier. The key of the Kaaba is kept by the Sheikh of the family of Bani Shayba

WHERE THE PROPHET USED TO PRAY: Masjid Khaif, the Mosque in Mina, three miles from Mecca, where some 200,000 pilgrims worship for three days. The dome in the centre marks the spot where Muhammad performed his devotions. The tents seen above are extremely expensive to hire

THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY CARPET: It used to be the pride and privilege of Egypt to weave and then to send a carpet once a year, when the great pilgrimage is made to the Holy City of Islam, for the purpose of covering the Kaaba. Ibn Saaud is now obtaining the carpets from Constantinople. *In circle*—BABEL: The pilgrims of the Muslim world

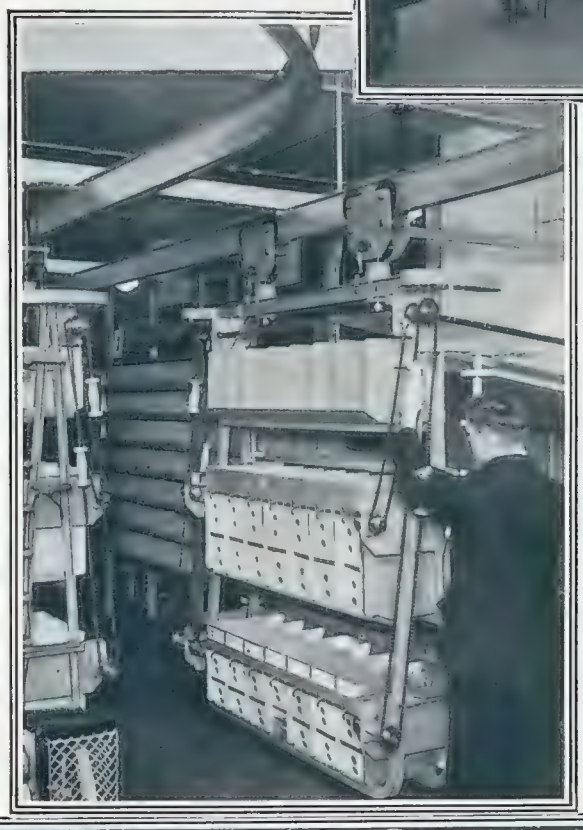
Although entry into Mecca is forbidden to all except Muslims as it was in the past, foreigners in religion still dare the danger of discovery during the pilgrimage which is now taking place. There was once scarcely a time, as recorded by a writer, when during this ceremonial people were not put to death as intruding Christians. Making the pilgrimage, which entitles the Faithful to the title "Haji," is at once difficult and expensive, for a recent Indian writer says that the hire of a donkey-cart for 15 miles and back costs £18, the hire of a two-room tenement for two days costs £25, while an 8-ft. square tent for three days costs £10, a tin containing 3 gals. of water costs from 10 annas to a rupee, and a piece of ice weighing 5 lb. costs £1.

On arriving in Mecca the pilgrim must make seven circuits of the Kaaba, the square containing which is filled by thousands reciting prayers, after which he must go seven times round between the two hills called Safa and Marva. These hills are, according to tradition, those up which Hagar ran alternately when she was trying to spy some traveller from whom she could get water to save the life of her son Ishmael, as is also recorded in the Bible. Close to where the Kaaba stands the well Zem-zem sprang up miraculously and enabled Hagar to draw from it the water which saved her son's life. To-day shrouds are soaked in these sacred waters and taken home by many of the faithful to be used when the time comes for them to die, but this is a purely voluntary act on their part and is not enjoined by any part of the ceremonial. Later the pilgrim goes on the dusty nine-miles journey to the vast Plain of Arafat, before entering which he must say his afternoon prayers. In the plain he remains until sunset, either sitting in the open or in the shade of a tent, and then starts on the return journey to Mecca, spending the night in another valley and breaking the journey again at Mina, about three miles to the east of the sacred city, where the sacrifice each pilgrim is enjoined to offer up is made. This sacrifice consists of one sheep or goat for each individual, but if the offering is a cow, camel, or horse, its cost may be contributed to by seven people.

In Mina, where there is a mosque in which the Prophet used to pray, he waits three days for the purpose of worship. He then returns to Mecca, where the ceremonies he has already performed are repeated and the Haji is free to return home. Those who can afford the time and money, however, make a point of undertaking the journey to Medina to visit the tomb of the Holy Prophet. Since the pilgrimage is often made by 200,000 people who come from various parts of the world, representatives of nearly all the living races may be seen, and it needs no imagination to understand that what has been described as "a babel of tongues" is to be heard. As a large proportion of the pilgrims travel by camel, it is obvious that elaborate sanitary precautions are necessary to safeguard the health of this wonderful army of Muslims and prevent any epidemic breaking out.

GERMANY'S MECHANICAL POST OFFICE AND ENGLAND'S AERIAL PORTER.

The Latest Developments in the World of Mechanics



THE LATEST PRODUCT OF GERMAN EFFICIENCY: Three views of the automatic parcel post sorting office in Munich. Packages are brought on trollies to the entrance of the turbine sorter. They are then stamped and thrown into the opening corresponding to the address. The lower picture shows what happens to the parcels subsequently. They are carried on slides and travelling bands to the mail vans. On left is a semi-mechanical letter-sorting apparatus at a Berlin post office

AN AERIAL PORTER: A novel one-man aerial railway now in use at Victoria Station, Manchester. This connects all platforms, parcels office, and despatch yard. It dispenses with the slower methods of porters' barrows and their attendant discomforts for the handling of parcels and luggage

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE OF WORKERS: An aspect of Riffelriss at the foot of Zugspitze, the highest mountain in the Bavarian Alps. A new cog-wheel mountain railway to run all the year round is under construction, beginning at the famous village of Garmisch-Partenkirchen and running to the summit of the peak, carried through a 4½-km. tunnel. Riffelriss now has a population of 1,000 workmen engaged on the railway

"MERELY PLAYERS"

Personalities Behind the Footlights

Claude Harris

ROMEO: Mr. George Hayes in costume for the Stratford-on-Avon Birthday Festival beginning on Easter Monday

REHEARSAL: Miss Edith Day and Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther consider the MS. of "Rio Rita," now at the Prince Edward

MALVOLIO: The cross-gartered coxcomb portrayed by Mr. Wilfrid Walker in the coming Stratford-on-Avon Birthday Festival

THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS: Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who, at the Garrick, follows in the footsteps of Bernhardt and Duse

Raphael

IN "NINE TILL SIX": Miss Kay Hammond, who plays the Mannequin. Her mother is Lady Standing (Miss Dorothy Hammond)

THE HEROINE IN "HONOURS EASY": Miss Ann Todd, who has made a definite hit in the new Roland Pertwee play at the St. Martin's

MOTHER NATURE in a STEP-MOTHERLY MOOD

Studies of fantastic beasts—The Tenrec, The Penguin, and the Bearded Lizard: Two aspects of the open mouth and one of headless birds

THE BEARDED LIZARD: A fine example of the Australian species—possibly the largest ever seen—which has just reached the Zoo. In anger he erects a frill round his neck and is a terrifying spectacle. Note his formidable teeth

THE EVER-OPEN MOUTH: A Tenrec, a Madagascan insectivore somewhat like a hedgehog, is a present rarity of the London Zoo. This specimen bared its rudimentary (save for the incisors) teeth at the photographer

THE HEADLESS BIRDS: This picture might stimulate belief in ornithological spectres of the Ingoldsby Legend type—save that they do not carry their heads under their wings! They are, in fact, penguins in course of performing their morning toilet

Ewing Galloway

THE ANGULAR GRACE OF A BURMESE DANCE: A Pwe dancer, handkerchief in hand, is caught by the camera. Professional dancers are hired by the wealthy, who eat and drink while they watch the performers. The dancing continues until the protagonists drop from exhaustion

THE DANCE OF SIVA: A striking picture showing a sacred dancer attached to a great temple in Malabar (Madras). Readers of "Mother India" and similar revelations will recall the part temple dancers play in Indian life. Many of them are dedicate to the temples by their parents

The DANCE of GESTURE in the EAST.

Special Pictures of the Formal Terpsichorean Performances of the Orient

•The WORLD of WOMEN•

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

THE FOIL: Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge, the champion foil of France, who is anxious to meet first-class extra-Gallic opposition

PARIS CALLING

—A caustic causerie from the gay city

By H. PEARL ADAM

RUE TAITBOUT.

URGE TO PERMANENCE.—There never was a place more willing than Paris to accommodate itself to the least whims of her visitors. (She is rather harsher towards her inhabitants, evidently feeling that "discipline must be maintained in the family.") She has noticed, for instance, that when humanity is feeling a little gay, or a little sentimental, or a little both, it always wants to write its names on walls and monuments and other places not intended for notebooks. I believe this absurd and puerile habit has been dignified in the States by the immense name of "The Urge to Permanence"! It hasn't been christened here, bur it is being very kindly indulged. The newest Montparnesse night café has walls especially prepared for being written on. You can dash from your table at any instant and obey the urgent desire to record the fact that your name is Smith, and that your silly self was in this spot on the somethingth of some month in some year—when, perhaps, your natal star was in conjunction with Luna and the constellation Asylum. Mimi, or Lola, borrowing your gold pencil (it might be as well to have it on a chain and to hold to the chain) can in a sprawling hand tell the world that she "lovs" her big baby. And the fun of it is that it can all be wiped out by to-morrow except for the rather cynical decorations in silhouette, which are permanent. It's a sweet notion and so nice and new. I never heard of it before—except of course, in plenty of modern nurseries.

During the War the plane-trees in the Bois which shed their bark and leave a lovely writable surface, bore witness to the fact that Tommy on leave was not wasting his time, and was even doing a bit of language tuition, and with quick pupils, too. I particularly remember two remarks in French writing: "Plainty nice keesses you me!" and "My love you for never!" (Probably truer than the writer knew!)

ALCOHOLIC TEAS.—The very, very latest cabaret is so new that it still smells of the expensive varnish on its discreet but luxurious walls. This is the tea-time cabaret, where one has a night programme of song and dance by stars of the cabaret firmament, so that one may pass in comfort the boresome three hours before dinner. And if you think that because it is a tea-time place it isn't really a bar, you don't know your modern Paris. "Tea" has become a phrase for a part of the day, and when you give "a tea," unless you are at least a duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain, the mandarin's beverage will only be there in an honorary capacity. But little glasses on tall stems, or dumpy ones, preferably hand-painted, holding a sparrow's egg-full of ochre or rose-pink or flushed-creamy liquid, will be there in serried battalions in all less aristocratic private houses. As for such a place as this new "Zig-Zag," its expert tea-maker doesn't expect to break down from over-work. Not until science gingers up the old tea-plant a bit. (Or a bright young hostess revives the good old eighteenth-century dollop of rum in the tea-cup.)

A BOND STREET LUNCH.—Talking of dandy meals, or mealettes, dear old London is getting a turn. There's a restaurant, not half a stone's throw from our own Lion and Unicorn, that sinks so modestly into the façade of the Embassy, which, though run by a real Parisian (with an Italian name—only one-third of the Parisians are Paris-born), advertises "a Bond Street Lunch." It works out at about four shillings minus tips and wine, so it isn't for everyday use among the new poor; but there are plenty of rich poorletarians about to enjoy the excellent food. Only, what the dickens *is* a Bond Street lunch? It wasn't a food-street so late as last Christmas, except for tea-shops, and who on earth wants a foie-gras sandwich and a bun and a glass of milk (or port) at lunch-time.

EVERY ARTIST'S MODEL: Mlle Maria Lany, whose picture has been painted by almost every notable artist, and whose portrait has appeared in almost every newspaper in France

PRESERVING TRADITION: Count Bernard Esders, son of a fair Russian refugee in Paris. The Count always wears this costume at children's parties

THE DANGER OF FIRE.—Our traffic problems are beginning to verge on the melodramatic. Everybody can guess that it isn't very healthy to get in front of a fire-engine; but in Paris it is simply most frightfully dangerous to get behind one. The instant the clanging see-saw half-tone bell is heard, all the people in a traffic-jam begin to fidget with their feet, and pull levers with their hands, and all the cars get St. Vitus's dance, and you can see senators jiggling on their seats till their cheeks shake; and all because everybody means to get in first behind the fire-engine, since it is bound to have a path made for it. So in its wake all the cars come crashing and nuzzling in like hounds to the trough or the carp at Fontainebleau fighting for a lump of bread; and they snarl and bite, and sometimes get a nasty dint. The next time you are in a taxi or your Rolls or your patent Pocket Folding Carlette, and are sitting thinking about Horace or Virgil (or somebody else perhaps?), when you hear the wailing ding-dong hop out and sit on the pavement till the worst is over. The traffic runs after a fire-engine like people run after Carnera or Ramon Novarro.

'COMPLIMENTS PASS . . . ."—There is a nice new Van Dongen story. A famous actress (the only kind there is, of course), plagued him into painting her. He wouldn't let her see the canvas. But he told her her make-up was infamous. He made her put orange here, and a dab of violet there, a large dobble of white somewhere else, and a little pool of emerald-green on her nose. Then he stood back and said: "Come, this is famous. You are at last beginning to resemble my portrait of you!"

It's an 'ard life, ain't it dearie?

LEAVING THE FIRST TEE: *Miss Phyllis Baylis and Miss Molly Gourlay at Roehampton*

CLOTHES *for the* ALL-WEATHER GOLFER

—comfort combined with chic will really improve your game

By M. M. D.

There is no doubt that the woman golfer should take her clothes seriously. Well-thought-out garments combining comfort with chic, suitable to the vagaries and moods of our much-maligned climate, contribute very much to efficiency on the links.

There is no surer guarantee of doing a bad round than, for instance, wearing a new tweed or wool suit on an uncertain day which later decides quite certainly to be completely wet. On the other hand it is unnecessary to appear frumpish even if it *is* raining.

There are those delightful and practical coats which look like suède but are waterproof. Edged at the neck, wrists, and hipline with brown and beige wool, they are comfortable too. A waterproof cloth skirt or one of sturdy Irish or West of England tweed, a wool béret, and perhaps a bright scarf to match the golf umbrella and socks, complete the damp-resisting outfit.

The wetter the day the heavier wool golf stockings are worn as a rule by many women golfers, the theory being, I suppose, that they keep out the rain. This seems to me a fallacy. Wool naturally absorbs moisture; consequently after a shower the legs remain wet for the rest of the day. By experience I have discovered that strong silk stockings (two pairs can be put on for extra warmth) are much more comfortable. They do not retain the dampness as much as wool, and if the rain holds up they dry very rapidly.

It seems that the coming season has some lovely new tweeds, jersey cloths, and loose-woven canvas tweeds in store for us. These canvas tweeds (which really do rather resemble canvas) are naturally more suitable for warm spring weather.

Many of them are in pastel shades and are made with one colour superimposed on the other in a zig-zag pattern. The closer woven tweeds retain the small designs to which we have grown accustomed. Among them tiny checks figure largely and are extremely neat and fresh looking. Our sports clothes are not to be devoid of colour either, as most of the new materials are flecked with soft bright hues.

For golfing in spring, a jersey cloth or tweed skirt and cardigan coat worn with a soft wool jumper of contrasting shade are practical and warm. A top-coat of the same material, perhaps lined with leather of bright vermilion or olive green, may be added, and a heavy washing silk or gay little tucked satin shirt be donned instead of the wool jumper, to honour the sun when it appears.

Skirts are belted at the waist, and the general inclination is for an apron-like effect in the front. One I saw the other day in a pastel-green Rodier material had the inverted pleat, necessary for extra width when playing, cunningly concealed by a loose front panel, buckled at each side to keep it in place. One or two deep pleats on either side also give the desired apron-like impression. Wrap-over skirts are comfortable to play in, certainly in windy weather. They are now frequently made with a Zip fastener, reaching from the waist to the knee, which can be opened at will.

As for hats, the béret is too amusing and becoming to disappear yet. For fine days, pretty colourful affairs in chenille silk and wool are favourites, while plain stitched tweed pull-on hats to match the suit or hard beaver felts are alternatives. There are some people who consider a heavy brim trying to wear for a whole day. These will find straw and felt combined a relief. For instance, I saw a small, low crown of beaver felt from which protruded a soft straw brim, just enough to shade the eyes and yet to remain firm in a gale. Also it could be raised or lowered at will.

We are told, too, that plaids are popular in Paris, and are made, not only in wool, but in a silk material as well. They have never quite lost favour in this country, and many women will seize the opportunity to wear their family tartan for golf. A well-hung kilt looks graceful on the links, especially when it is worn with a suède or gazelle coat.

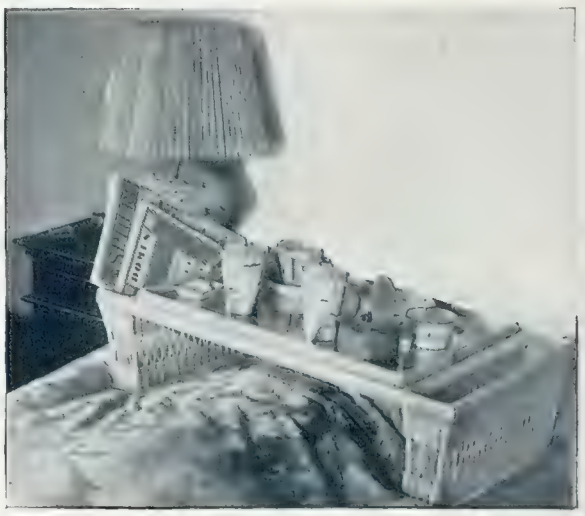
In fact, every detail to ensure comfort should be thought out beforehand, so that on the links all problems of clothes and their suitability may recede into the background and give way to the serious business of winning the match.

Practicality need not go hand in hand with dowdiness, as a glance round the shops will show. The modern golfing woman takes care to look chic, to be comfortable, and to keep dry. By so doing she loses all self-consciousness—a true asset when playing the royal and ancient game.

ALL IN ONE: *A smart sports ensemble in tweed. Posed by Miss Anita Page*

DIAGONAL: *A distinguished costume in tweed. The same material is employed in frock, hat, and bag*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.



BREAKFAST IN BED: *A tray with breakfast set and lamp designed by Ponti*

COMFORTS

—little things make* such *a difference

By Phyllis Satterthwaite

There is nothing more entertaining in these days of ultra-modern housekeeping than discovering some small details (perhaps quite inexpensive in themselves) which may contribute to the extra comfort of the home. In the course of much travelling abroad I have found several things which I fancy may be of use to those jealous housewives who pride themselves upon having the very last word in comfort in their homes. One thing I noticed in France, for instance (and have never seen in England), was a "spare room tray," viz., a gaily-colour papier-mâché tray of quite large dimensions on which were stored a lacquered biscuit-tin, a small box for cigarettes, with match-box to match, a tiny book-rest with six or seven *new* books, the universal bottle of Vittell or Vichy water, and last but not least, a very big papier-mâché bowl which was kept filled with fresh fruit. Each day the hostess reviewed these "guest trays" herself, with the result that instead of the guests being treated, as usually happens, to a few stale biscuits, one or two cigarettes, and an empty match-box, there was always everything to hand, perfectly fresh and replaced every day. Each tray was the same size as the bedside table upon which it stood.

BY AN ITALIAN DESIGNER: *White vases by G. Ponti, Milan*

Another delightful fitment which I also noticed in France was that in the bathroom which belonged to my bedroom, at one house I stayed in, there was an excellent ironing-board with electric iron ready to be fitted to a wall plug at any moment. This may not sound very important to male readers, but to a woman in a large house-party, without a maid, nothing could possibly have been more delightful or more opportune. So often there is only a touch needed to an evening gown or a tennis frock, but if one has the chance of doing it oneself, how much more comfortable it is than having to rely on the services of a possibly overworked maid who has several women to attend to.

Another small thing I noticed was very much appreciated in a country house where there was a very large smoking-room—"Magazine tables." These consisted of several very low, long tables, made in two tiers and fitted with small rollers, so that they could be moved about at will over the carpet. On these were stored all the new magazines and papers, and as we sat or lounged after the day's activities they were wheeled about, so that one could replace one's paper at will without, as usually happens in a big party, having to make a raid to secure all the new magazines in order to ensure a comfortable read.

Another thing well worth the extra expense, I think, is to make a point of sending a couple of morning papers up on each breakfast tray where the feminine portion of the house-party do not appear much before lunch.

Talking of breakfasts, by the way, a delightful innovation in this respect at a big house I stayed at in the South of France was the appearance each morning of a trim parlourmaid who produced a menu-card from which one selected fruit, eggs, fish, or whatever one happened to fancy.

MARITAL ARGUMENT: *A scene from a recent Galsworthy play—posed by Hilda Sims and Ben Field*

SPOILT HUSBANDS . . .

—men are such babies, and so selfish!

By Derek Patmore

English women spoil their men to an absurd degree. Many women still seem to think that "Men can do no wrong." And men encourage them to go on thinking so. The idea is yet another relic of the Victorian era, when wives were taught that husbands, especially when they happened to be young, had to sow "their wild oats," a phrase that covered a multitude of sins. When the weeping young bride went seeking consolation from her mother she would be told with an indulgent smile, "Forget about it, my dear. After all, men are such babies!" And so the spoiling went on.

The sad thing is that Englishmen have played up to the idea of being naughty grown-up children till it has made the majority of them extraordinarily selfish. You have got only to visit America to appreciate this fact, for over there it is the women who are selfish and spoilt.

For example, take a young (English) married couple I know. The husband is attractive, and has a good position in the City. He does not earn a high salary, but will in time. The wife is pretty and charming. They have a small baby boy. They can just afford to live in a nice semi-detached house in the suburbs, but it means that the wife must do most of the housework herself.

Each night, when the husband comes home he sits down by the fire and reads the evening paper. He is "tired out after his long day's work." So *he* rests whilst his wife gets the dinner. He forgets that she has also had a tiring day. The baby may not have been well and have been rather troublesome. Even in a small house there is a great deal of housework to be done. She wanted to go to see the new Greta Garbo film, but had to darn his socks and finish her new dress (for her husband hates to see her badly turned out). He never thinks of offering to help her over the dinner. After all, she's had the whole day."

MASCULINE DIGNITY: *A Victorian moment — posed by Kathlyn Hilliard and Henry Caine*

Another time he 'phones from the office to say he will not be able to take her to the theatre, "He's got so much to do." She knows that some friends of his have asked him out and he feels it will be more amusing than taking her. But each time when something like this occurs, and she begins to get angry, he merely smiles one of his most ingratiating smiles, hangs his head like a naughty boy, and is forgiven straight away.

The result of all this spoiling of their menfolk is that many Englishwomen now envy the apparent good fortune of an American woman, who, instead of being grateful that some man has condescended to marry her, has made the American man feel that the favour is on *her* side. By spoiling their husbands, English women have restricted their own freedom. And then they are surprised when men resent their attempts at emancipation. Englishmen have had it their own way too long to check.

JUST FOR *the Sake of* ARGUMENT

. . . written to provoke . . .

By Diana Bourbon

NOW IT CAN BE WRITTEN.—The series of frank, and really *disarmingly* partisan articles by a former officer of the Imperial German Navy which appeared in a London daily newspaper so short a time ago augur splendidly for the accuracy and impartiality of those really complete, serious histories of the War which have yet to appear. The articles did not so much seek to justify as succeed in glorifying the whole German U-boat campaign.

That they could be published in just this form, practically without comment, certainly without the usual shower of abusive letters from the type of person who enjoys "writing to the papers" on all occasions, is surely significant! Picture anyone writing complacently of the courage, the "glorious" successes, the clever ruses of the German submarine service in an English newspaper a year or two ago. Yet here we had it. And the secret of its tremendous interest (it was incomparably the best article series any London paper has offered its public for *months*) lay less in its factual revelations, stimulating reading as these made, than in the very fact that it was (at last) a *genuine* presentment of "the other fellow's" point of view.

Let us have more of it.

That way history in the future will be written as history has never been written in the past. And we won't have to wait quite so long either for the eventual emergence of the truth.

WOMEN *WILL* BE BUILDERS!—Funny that within a week of the publication in this section of a plea for women architects and builders the Ideal Home Exhibition should come out with "A House that Jill Built," wholly designed and planned by a woman, and another of our contemporaries discover and interview one of two women students now learning, among 1,300 men, to be builders!

"Women," observed a long introductory leaflet to the Ideal Homes (it really referred to us by that detestable bromidic title "the fair sex") . . . "have sometimes been heard to observe that architects could not design a house to meet fully the requirements of women, so at last an opportunity has been afforded of substantiating the charge."

Wild horses would not drag from me all I think of Mrs. P. A. Lee of Croydon's ideal house. (I'm not even saying whether or not I like it better than the average male effort.) But at least the current is running in the proper direction. Men will probably be just as pleased to see women making a success in the building and architectural fields as they were to see them doing it everywhere else!

IT'S MEN WHO MUG UP THIS SEX ANTAGONISM BUSINESS.—Why men can't be honest, and admit that their prejudice *is* simply prejudice—in other words, sex antagonism pure and unadulterated—I can't imagine. It's all on their side anyway. Look till you drop, and you won't find one woman (except perhaps some warped personality, and one always excepts the abnormal) wishing anything but well to her male colleagues or rivals. She strives against them, envies their successes, takes pride in her own. They do the same among themselves. But she very definitely hasn't the animosity against them that they have against her.

Almost every man everywhere, becomes positively jubilant when some woman falls down at her job (as millions of men have done before her since the world began) or in any way makes a fool of herself. An attitude of hostility—for that matter of "cattiness"—in which women simply don't share. (Not that that is surprising. It's men who are the catty sex, anyway, I must write about that some time.) In offices, businesses, most professions, and all the trades, they merely tolerate us. Not amiably.

BETTY'S *ALTER EGO*: *Miss Nuthall is almost as efficient in the kitchen (she has been taking lessons in cookery and domestic economy to assist her mother in the family business) as she is on the tennis court*

The hardest part of every job I have ever held down has been the overcoming of the prejudice and antagonism that existed against me in the heart of every one of the men among whom I had to work, *simply because I was a woman*. In all kinds of employment we start with an initial handicap—our sex.

. . . And then men write articles about us in the newspapers and say that in business we are difficult to get along with and at all times tigers under our skin!

THE PERSIANS DID IT BETTER.—The Persian Art Exhibition arranged for next year at Burlington House will teach us a lot of things the artistic layman learns less easily perhaps from orthodox pictures.

An exquisite sense of colour for instance. Gift that amounts to genius in the Persian. Daring in the use of it so masked that no daring is apparent—in other words elimination of all crudity. And much more.

London, as a matter of fact, is becoming a spoiled child of all the nations, with these yearly Exhibitions whose value on any sort of count is beyond computation and a supreme expression of international courtesy. (Really, could one imagine more graciousness than that displayed in each case by the lender-nation?)

I had been wondering what the organizers would offer us this 1930. We have had Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and Italian art. The French, except the moderns, is rather "pretty" and superficial, likely to have a hard time standing up to the competition memories of four such predecessors would offer it from the past. Besides, we have fine French collections permanently in London—the Wallace and one wing of the Tate.

Persia one feels is a particularly happy choice. The contrast could not be greater. In time a Chinese Exhibition should also be of exceptional interest and significance.

AN INTREPID TRAVELLER: *Miss Dorothy Banton, who, though she spoke neither English nor American, yet spent six months and travelled from Cleveland to New York and thence to Berlin on her own*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

THE CHARM OF CHINA: *A product of Meissen*

BLOWN GLASS: *A decorative elephant*

BUBBLED GLASS: *A novel standard lamp*

INDOOR PETS *that lead a* DOUBLE LIFE

—A rush of animals to the interior decoration

By G. B. Hughes

Modern craftsmen and decorators seem to be staunch believers in the Bible verse which says that animals were created to serve man. The decorative figurines which they design for our homes to-day are also serviceable. Entering a house we scrape our shoes, if they are muddy, on the sturdy back of an iron terrier, we knock on the door with the bronze beak of a woodpecker, we find the table beside our chair equipped with elephants whose palanquins present cigarettes and matches, and whose ears are gracefully curved to receive ashes.

Some sculptors think that this sudden prevalence of indoor pets is not due to our contemporary craving for efficiency. They say we have the camera to thank. The quick eye of the camera catches the postures and records them with truth and detail. These records are the ammunition which has fired the genius of sculptor and craftsman, and as a result indoor pets are plentiful.

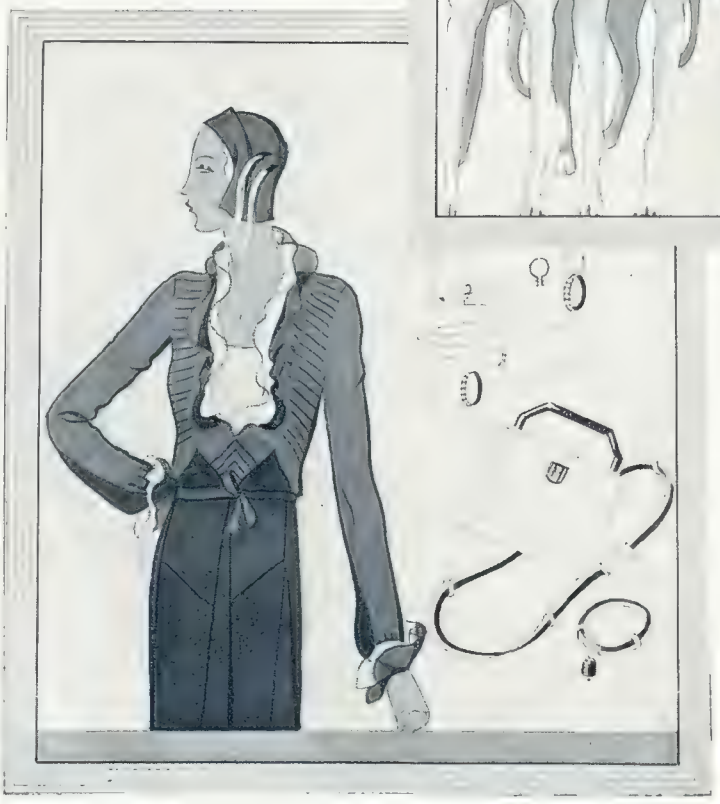
"EARTH SPIRIT": *T'u Kuai in the form of a lion-like monster (220 A.D.) at the V and A.*

The materials from which these animals are created are so varied that they are adaptable to the spirit of the house. When the mood is one of elegance these figures are wrought of soapstone, or of Venetian glass, and which gleams with the phosphorescent lustre of a summer sea. When the note is one of informality there are pottery figures whose crudities and colours are most amusing. If the home is keyed to the modern mode, the sleek simplicity of brass and other metals is ready to conform in a most enticing fashion.

These indoor pets may also be chosen in a period manner. For instance, if the furniture be of the Chippendale type the Chinese influence may be emphasized with elephant book-ends, camels bearing lamps, tropical birds upholding censers, while the bridge table is peopled with other servitors of the Orient.

When the dining-room is done in pheasant fashion, sparrows and wrens bring in salt and pepper, or rabbits are ready to frisk about in true *al "frisco"* spirit. There are centre-pieces for flowers in boat form with loquacious frogs serenading and prancing about in the most amusing manner.

In a bedroom furnished in the French manner, pert peacocks preen themselves on top of perfume bottles and powder jars as they might have done on the flowery terraces.



FOR THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN: *A costume of jersey tweed finely tucked. Three-quarter length coat with belt of the same material tied in front in a bow*

On left—*This blouse is in navy-blue mousseline de soie showing a lining of white mousseline de soie underneath. Fine tucks of both blue and white material form a frill round the neck and down the front, and cuffs on the sleeves. Narrow waist-band tied in front. The ring on the little finger of the hand can be used as a simple ring, or with a small attachment can be made into a cigarette-holder for the first finger. Bag in reindeer with tortoiseshell initials and handle. Belt and bracelet of two different colours of leather, with cut wooden clasp*

A BOOK-LOVER'S ARMCHAIR

—If your shelves are full this chair is a boon

By Baseden Butt

Recently there have been brought out several types of improved easy chair, some of which include special cupboards, accessible from either the sides or back of the chair and intended either for smokers' requisites, magazines and newspapers, fireside slippers, or needlework. But surely there has been nothing quite so convenient as the double-duty chair with bookshelves which we illustrate.

This chair is part of a three-piece suite which includes a roomy Chesterfield settee with similar fittings in the sides. The drawback with most other furniture of this type is that one has to rise from the chair and bend down to open the cupboard before its contents are available. But here we have shelving sufficient for forty-two octavo volumes, and above this a smaller projection on which the volume one is reading at the moment can be laid flat. Obviously, this volume can be reached for or replaced almost without stirring when seated in the chair.

The book-lover's arm-chair

If your bookshelves are full this chair offers additional accommodation. If you have a library, yet wish for one or two books to be kept in the lounge or bedroom, or if your sitting-room is too small for bookcases, this chair should be just the thing for you. Constructed of oak, walnut, or mahogany, and upholstered with hide and velveteen, it has one other admirable quality—the arms are stoutly made, so that you may sit on them without causing injury. For whether you realize the fact or not, and even though you disapprove of such behaviour, there are few people, especially men-folk, who do not sometimes unconsciously seat themselves on the chair arms when deep in thought—or affection.

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John Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Haig

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The rhythmic eights flash down the straight—white dots gainst a sheen of water, pulsing straining stroke of oar tipping muscles the crowd's great roar, nearer, nearer—here they are a sight as English as the Ensign and a tradition as typical of the English gentleman as

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HATTERS SINCE 1865

The distinction *you can afford*

M. B.

The SPY of TO-MORROW.

(*Continued from page 15*)

Copenhagen fell in love with the young Prussian she had been detailed to "pump"—not that that kind of thing could not occur again.)

It occurs also that our "Moth" girl should be highly droppable from the clouds, by parachute, far behind in enemy country, there to see what she can see and wheedle what she can wheedle, and collect information from stationary agents secreted in that country, and perhaps even place explosives at vital points. Only one such girl materialized in 1914–18. Here will be rare opportunity for the intrepid and fearless damsel of the future to garner fresh renown for her sex. Which brings me to—

The air spy. It is probable that the various air services are already being methodically combed for possible doubtful material, since in these services may well materialize the super-spy of to-morrow (I refer to actual warfare). What more inviting and obvious than for a traitor in the air to fly constantly on patrol over foreign countries with which one may be at war, and to drop reports at given points with smoke-fuse attached to direct the attention of those below? (Was it done on the Western Front? There were rumours.)

Naturally the air spy will also be able to descend in enemy territory bearing the latest plans of machines and information generally. Against this, pilots playing the game—as an average of 9,999 per 10,000 of course will—should be able to telephone back, hundreds, thousands of miles, exactly what they are observing below, thus hastening up things immensely; while the technique and practice of dropping and collecting agents are certain to be vastly improved and intensified, although as long as the petrol-driven motor endures pilots will remain under a microphone handicap. Should the electric-motor supervene, or ground transmission of power, then their job will be safe and simple compared with actuality.

And these dropped agents? What of them? Will they possess really secret wireless transmission in their pockets for immediate code reporting to their chiefs? Nay, perhaps television facilities? As events are veering, it seems likely that they will.

Two future spies of ever-growing activity beside what they once were should be the secret agent in industry—the *mouton* of the Villa Lüttitz—and his parallel in international politics.

The present orgy of spying—there were never more spies in Europe than there are to-day, what with the Soviet and France-Italy, and the smouldering Reich, and all-round distrust and grab-mindedness—if this manifestation is likely to simmer down in due course, the industrial and international agent should not only survive, but thrive as never before. Whether tariff walls are down or not, or everybody kissing and Kellogging, nations in the future will require to follow and to check the industrial secrets even of their best friends, lest a march be stolen, bringing a slump or an economic upset. Internationally the existence of the League—which, whatever its shortcomings at eleven years of age, does clear the air and demobolize many of the old-time agents who used to pussyfoot from capital to capital—in the international political field, a new type of spy should also emerge, indeed, already has done so. Again, turn to the Villa Lüttitz and read:

> *Dupeur.*—Agent who insinuates himself into workmen's organizations.

Heretofore there was small need for that kind of thing; patently, as the great tussle with Communism matures more and more "dupers" will go out on the road. And not only dupers. The scheduled engagement with Communism, which in one form or another may well last the rest of this century, should gradually give birth to a whole new gamut of secret agents of a training and type for which there was never any call in the past. These men and women should be as expert in their own line as the gas and germ chasers—testing and watching extremists in other lands in case these should show a flaw; arranging kidnappings; provoking; passing hush-hush shekels; counter-spying on their own; minutely noting the revolutionary pulse, and selecting psychological moments; and on the reverse side of the medal, among the anti-Communist spies of to-morrow, a like development and activity.

And while we are about it it must mournfully be written that domestic espionage among one's own people shows every sign also of providing fresh ground for occult artistry. One has only to look at Italy and Russia and Prohibition America to-day, and perhaps nearer home, to picture to oneself how the domestic spy, out of Dora, by Demos, should be increasingly in demand to-morrow. As the State takes over and the individual sinks away, so shall the herd be shepherded for its own safety and morals; and so also shall it be necessary to maintain invisible eyes and ears, that the shepherding may be well and truly done. Mussolini is a man of to-morrow. Look his way and see if I exaggerate.

Even as his military counterpart, the "anti-surprise" spy, so the "social spy" should emerge and multiply—often in tails, if such things should still be affected—and to him the duty of watching and reporting on the domestic population—a "Special Branch" all on its own.

Nor does it require a violent stretch of the imagination to summon up two further materializations under what Kipling once termed "the Standard of Yellow," namely, the Disarmament Spy and the "Colonel Lawrence" type of secret agent. Both should be born of the special times ahead. If and when limitation or reduction of naval, terrestrial, and aerial armaments comes, it is tolerably certain that nations will not take everything for granted of their neighbours, that high-grade diplomatic and expert agents will make their appearance with the special mission of making sure that nothing is being done under the rose—a form of perpetuation of the late Inter-Allied control of Germany. As for Bedouin foot-prints in the sand, one foresees that as Islam and the Orient slowly arise from their lethargy, spies of the highest quality, and able to mix as natives, will be needed to keep track of events.

Yes, there should be plenty of work for the transformed spy of to-morrow, as much as under the Inquisition or when Venice flourished as a force in the world, or in the *Cabinet Noir* days of the Bourbons. So much will be essayed for the first time on the human stage.

"NO SMOKING—NOT EVEN ABDULLAS"

MOMENTS OF MISERY—THE AIR LINER.

The Noise
The Still Worse Noise
The TERRIFIC NOISE
The ——— Sudden ——— BUMP ——— upwards

The Somewhat Uneasy Swallowing?

The ——— Sudden ——— BUMP ——— downwards

The Decidedly Uneasy Swallovv(?)ing
The All Pervading NOISE
The Gent with the Pale Yellow Face
The Lady with the Pale Cream Face
THE NOISE
and,
Worst of All,

NO ABDULLAS!

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

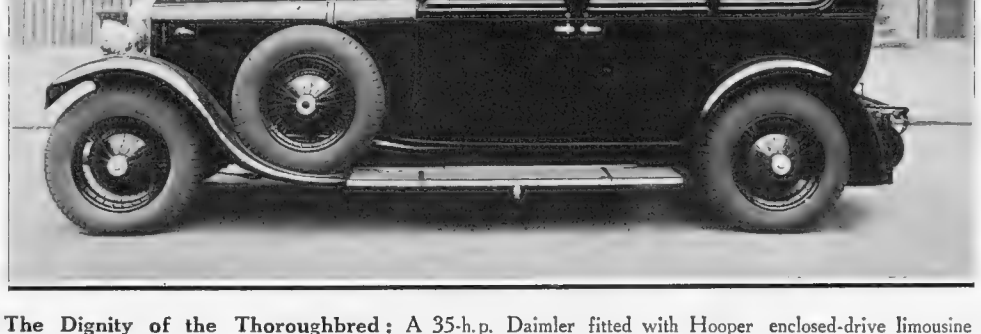
EXODUS AT THE WEEK-END: Reigate Hill

A JOY OF THE OPEN ROAD: The alfresco lunch

THE NEW FIAT.—The introduction of any new car is always a matter of interest, but when a firm such as the Fiat Company of Turin introduces something fresh then the whole motoring world starts talking. The reputation of this car on the English market is an enviable one, and so great things will naturally be expected of any new member of the Fiat family. A very wide range of cars has been available for many years, and at the lower extremity of this range we have the very familiar 9-h.p. and 10–15 cars. The latest introduction is known as the 10–30, and it will, therefore, make its appeal mostly to those who would previously have been interested in these two older models. The new car has a 4-cylinder engine, Solex carburetter, four-speed gear-box, semi-elliptic springs, six-volt electrical equipment, large brakes, and is full of up-to-date ideas. The R.A.C. rating is 11·1, and the engine comes within the 1½-litre class. A great deal of attention has been paid to accessibility, and it is almost unnecessary to say the car, from what one can see, is likely to be just as reliable and as durable as the old 10–15-h.p. car has always been. Ignition is by coil and battery, a system which is fast becoming exceedingly popular, in fact very few new models are now introduced with any other type of ignition. The engine, clutch, and gear-box form one unit, yet the accessibility has been studied, a point which will please every purchaser. I could go on giving various details of the specification, but these are obtainable on demand from the company, so that I will content myself by making a few general notes on the design.

I do not suppose any company in Europe has had a wider experience from which to draw, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find that there are no apparent weak spots in the chassis design. Many people quite rightly fight shy of a new car when the design has not been tried in the hands of the public for at least a year, but in the case of this new Fiat it must be pointed out that although the car is new to the English market it is already well known and has been tested by private people on the Continent. It is fairly safe to guarantee, therefore, that the usual teething troubles, inseparably connected with a new model, are not likely to be experienced in the case of this Fiat by British purchasers.

EASY TO GET AT.—I have already alluded to the accessibility of the car, and I would like to enlarge upon what has been previously mentioned. Most manufacturers make a point of telling the public that accessibility was not forgotten when their designers were at work, but I find, during the course of a year, that very few cars are turned out that can, in any sense of the word, be termed accessible when adjustments or repairs have to be undertaken. With reference to this Fiat I understand that the engine can be practically completely overhauled without taking it from the frame; the cylinder head, the timing cover, and the oil sump are readily detachable, and by dropping the open cardan shaft, which can be done without dismantling the rear axle, the gear-box and clutch can be removed. Reverting back to the engine, I forgot to mention that the crankshaft can be removed without lifting the engine from the chassis. Such minor operations as the adjustment of valve tappets, attention to the magneto, the dynamo brushes, the oil filters, and the various greasing points can all be effected without trouble. What interests prospective owners probably more than anything else is the question of price, and here again the makers have met us in a friendly spirit. A coach-built saloon costs £260, whilst a Weymann sunshine saloon costs £275. Having always a very great regard for Fiats in general, I wish the new venture every success and I know, judging by experience, that their latest introduction will not only be satisfactory to its sponsors but to the large public which buys it.



The Dignity of the Thoroughbred: A 35-h.p. Daimler fitted with Hooper enclosed-drive limousine body in black edged with a pastel-blue line. The owner of this handsome car is Major J. A. Coats

THE SPORTS CAR FOR TRACK RACING.—There is no secret regarding the increased popularity of motor-racing. The re-awakening of interest dates from the introduction of events for modified sports cars. I would not go so far as to say that the public prefer to watch this latter type rather than a battle between racing machines pure and simple because

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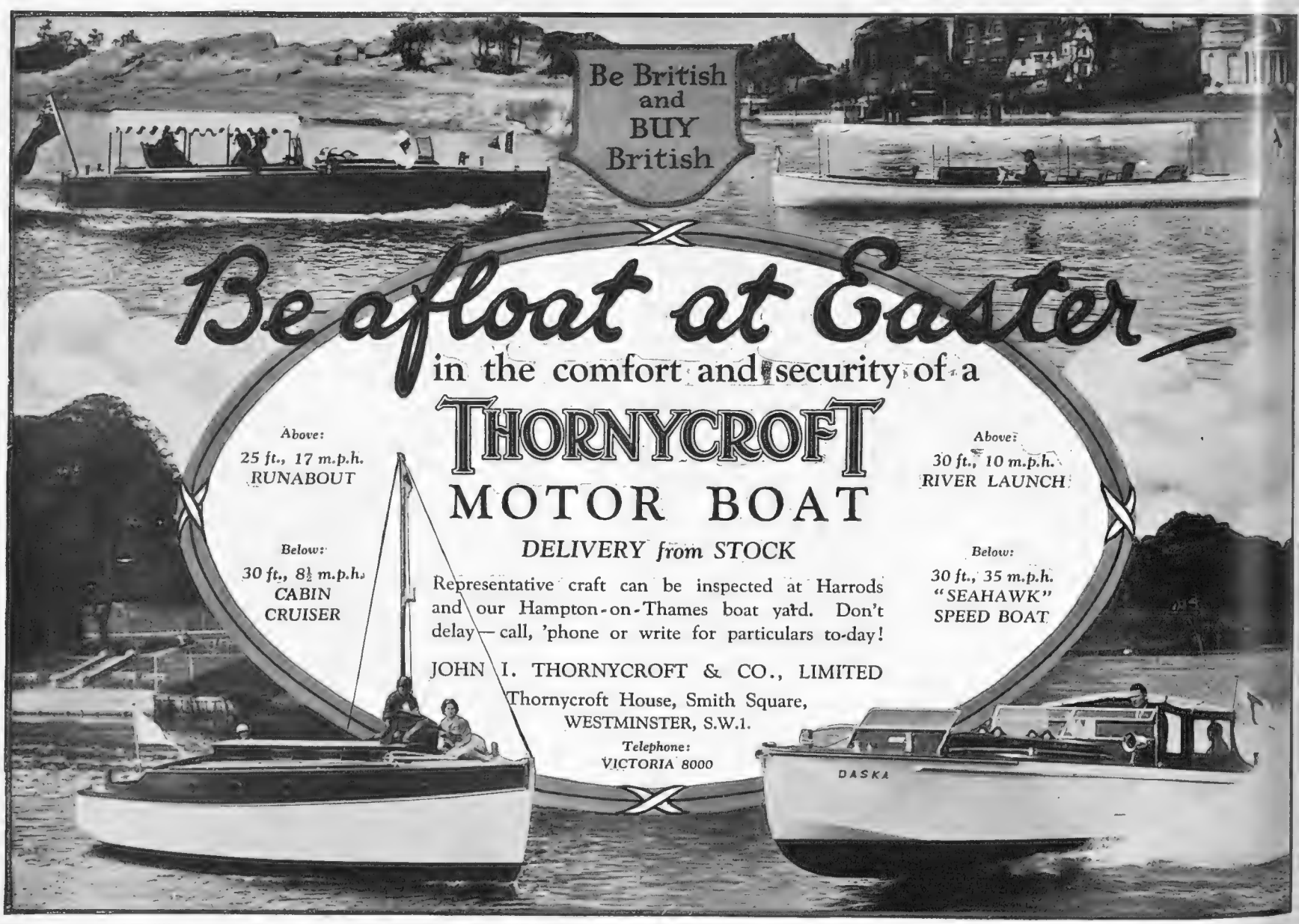


BY APPOINTMENT

Daimler

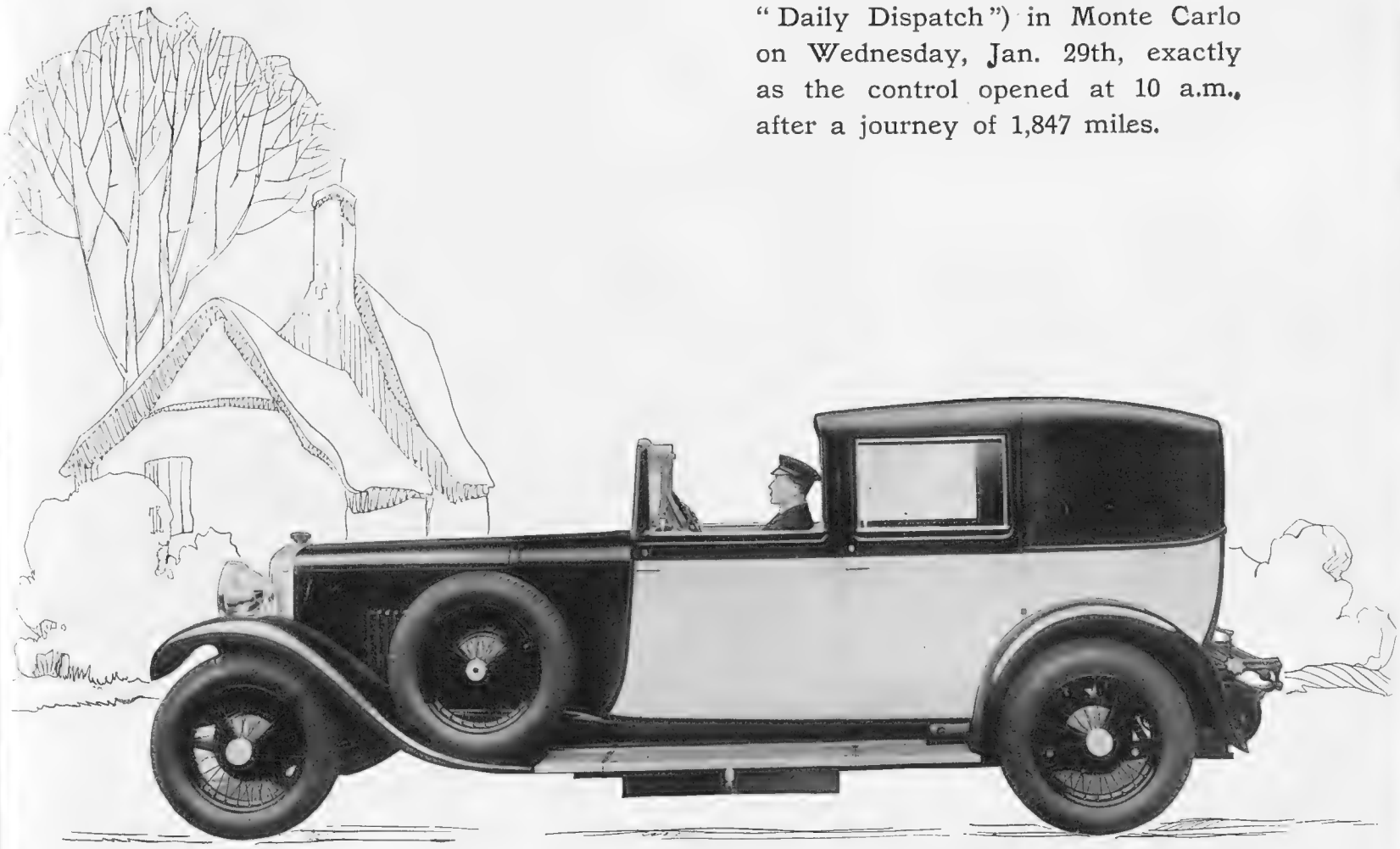
BY APPOINTMENT

The Daimler "Double-Six"

The trend of automobile design as indicated by the recent International Exhibitions is markedly towards the super multi-cylinder engine, thus following the lead given by Daimler in 1926 when the first twelve-cylinder or "Double-Six" sleeve-valve engine was introduced.

The Daimler "Double-Six" is the ideal engine for the high-powered luxury car.

A Daimler "Double-Six" competed successfully in the recent Monte Carlo Rally. Leaving John o'Groat's on Sunday, Jan. 26th, at 6.51 a.m., carrying five people and luggage and travelling day and night continuously, to the official schedule times—for the competition is a strenuous test of reliability and not a race—the Daimler "Double-Six" arrived "fresh as a daisy" (*vide* "Daily Dispatch") in Monte Carlo on Wednesday, Jan. 29th, exactly as the control opened at 10 a.m., after a journey of 1,847 miles.



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THE CAR THAT'S SET ALL THE WORLD TALKING

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Capt. W. G. Aston in "The Tatler" writes:

"One was always glad to see that natty Riley Nine attain a huge success, for there was definitely real genius in its design and a distinct amount of brilliant originality ..... and how well this plucky little car holds the road and how very, very pleasant that silent third four-speed gear box is to sit behind."

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

Demonstrations arranged direct or through any convenient agency — write —

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(cont.)

it would not be true, but it is the competitor who has started to re-interest himself in the subject because of the type of car. Nowadays a man not too well blest with this world's goods can have quite an amusing time racing at Brooklands or in some of the road events by buying an ordinary fast sports car and then altering and tuning it up himself. I do not wish to imply that the sport, even in its modified form, can be indulged in on an income of a few hundreds a year, but I wish to point out that the expenses involved in racing to-day with this type of car are infinitely less than they were in the old days when racing was confined solely to machines specially manufactured for the purpose.

Being responsible for the meetings at Brooklands, I was very gratified to see that the spectators and the competitors in the Mountain Handicap on March 22 were immensely pleased. The former were in good mood because the course selected allowed the cars to be kept in close view all the time, and the latter because the cars were modified production jobs. This type of car will receive continued encouragement so far as I am concerned.

The Junior Car Club's Double Twelve Hour Race has attracted more than sixty entrants, and as this is another instance of an event for modified production cars it constitutes further evidence of the popularity of the sport amongst intending competitors. I wonder how many people realize the immense strain on the driver, and some sit behind the wheel for the whole race, during an event such as the Double-Twelve. If ordinary folk generally feel tired after six or eight hours' continuous driving on the road when scenery and conditions change every few hundred yards, what must be the effect on a man driving a car two entire days round and round a circuit only just over two miles in length. He is not just tootling along enjoying himself, but hurtling over the concrete as fast as his car will take him. It is not all imagination and a desire for publicity when we read that such and such a driver is on a special diet or gets up early in the morning to go for a run before breakfast. The physical strain is definitely great, and if the driver does not contemplate having a change at the wheel during the twenty-four hours, he must, unless he wishes to minimize his chances of success, take certain elementary precautions to preserve his strength.

Entries are also coming in satisfactorily for the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race, which will be held in Ulster on August 23.

A DISGRACEFUL PRACTICE.—Whilst touching on this subject of racing I would like to draw the attention of my readers to the various contests which have recently taken place across France, and to which much publicity has been given. Personally I consider that the practice (so many people have raced the Blue Train that no other word can be used) is most reprehensible. It may strike some people as rather strong condemnation of what might first appear to be a sporting episode, but let's look at it in this way. What would we think if a lot of Frenchmen came over here and raced the Flying Scotsman from start to finish? Someone is sure to say they would not attempt to do so because we have a twenty-mile limit, but my answer to them is let us look at the time, which I hope is not far off, when there is no speed limit, and then what would we think of our Continental friends.

These deeds of valour do not help automobilism; they may be very exciting for the participants; they may give good publicity for either the individuals or the firms in question, but they do not help in the great cause of motoring. Popular opinion is definitely antagonistic to such attempts, whether in this country or abroad. My remarks are equally applicable to the attempts to break the records between Oxford and Cambridge and London.

There are races organized on the roads with the permission of the authorities in Ulster, Dublin, and on the Continent, and if anyone has a car which they consider is very fast or can beat a train, which, incidentally, I believe has quite a lengthy rest *en route*, they should enter for one of these contests and endeavour to beat their rivals rather than take a rise out of a railway company, not many of which are very up to date or speedy.

THE R.A.C. "GET YOU HOME" AND LEGAL DEFENCE.—During 1929 approximately 10,000 car-owners and 1,500 motor-cyclists were assisted by the R.A.C. under the club's "Get you Home" service. This represents a total of 11,500 breakdowns, either

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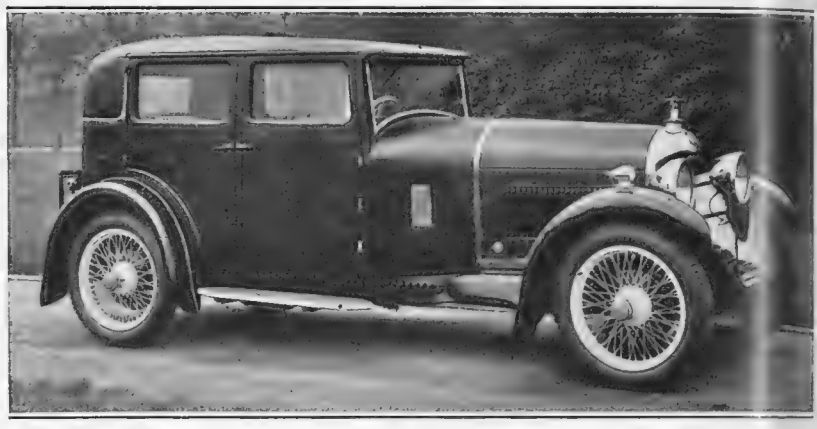
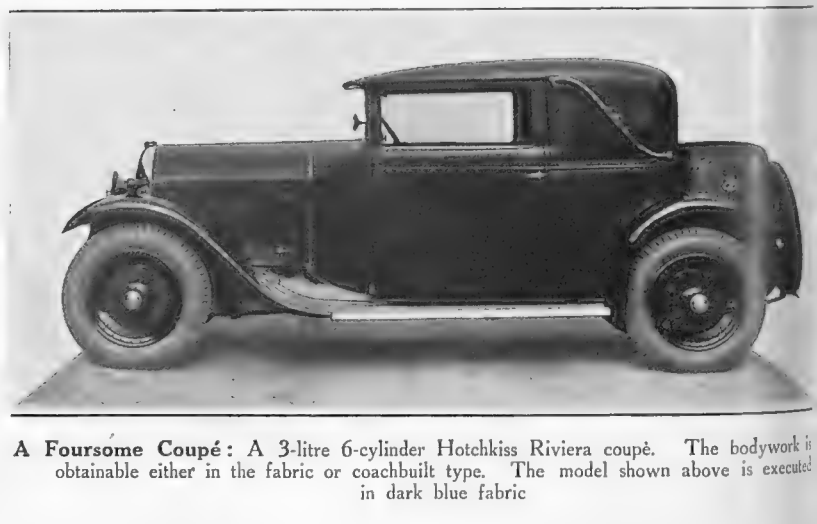
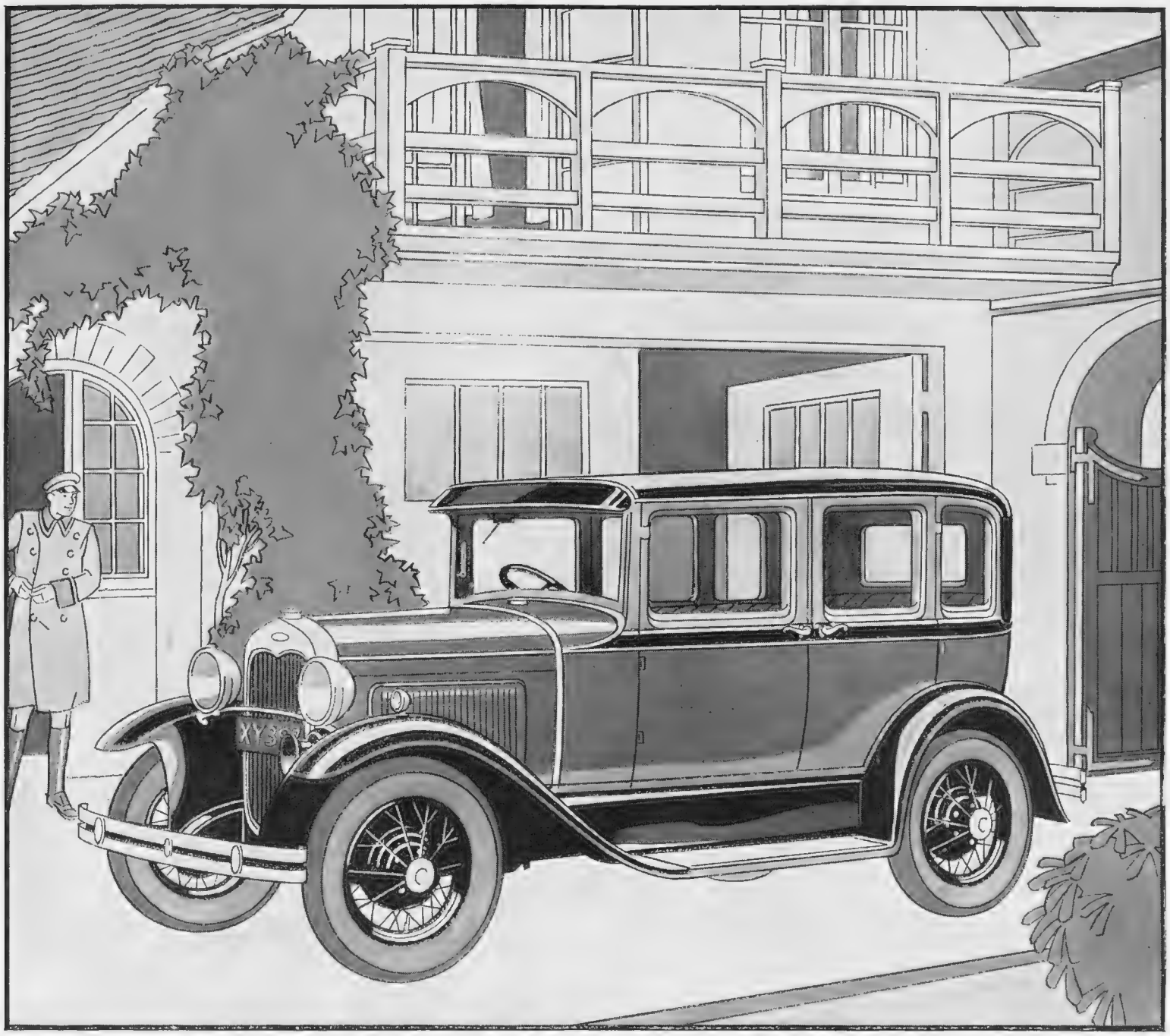


A Triumph of Modern Design: The new 2-litre sports fabric saloon which has just been introduced by Crossleys. Fitted with chromium-plating and the latest helmet type wings, this saloon easily attains 75 m.p.h.



A Foursome Coupé: A 3-litre 6-cylinder Hotchkiss Riviera coupé. The bodywork is obtainable either in the fabric or coachbuilt type. The model shown above is executed in dark blue fabric

THE NEW FORDOR SALOON



NEW BEAUTY FOR NEW FORD CARS

ANOTHER chapter has been added to the history of the New Ford Car.

To outstanding economy and dependability a new fresh beauty is now added and brought within the reach of everyone.

New gleaming rustless steel for the radiator shell, head lamps, hub caps, filler cap, scuttle band and tail lamp. • New roomy bodies. New deeper radiator. • New larger mudguards. • New smaller wheels with larger hubs and wider rims. • New larger tyres. New streamline moulding. • New colours. From the new deep radiator to the tip of the curving rear mudguard, a new unbroken sweep of line and flowing grace of contour heretofore thought possible only in high price motor cars.

Spend a few moments to-day in the showrooms of the nearest Ford dealer. Observe how new beauty, style and distinction have been added to the dependable new Ford cars.

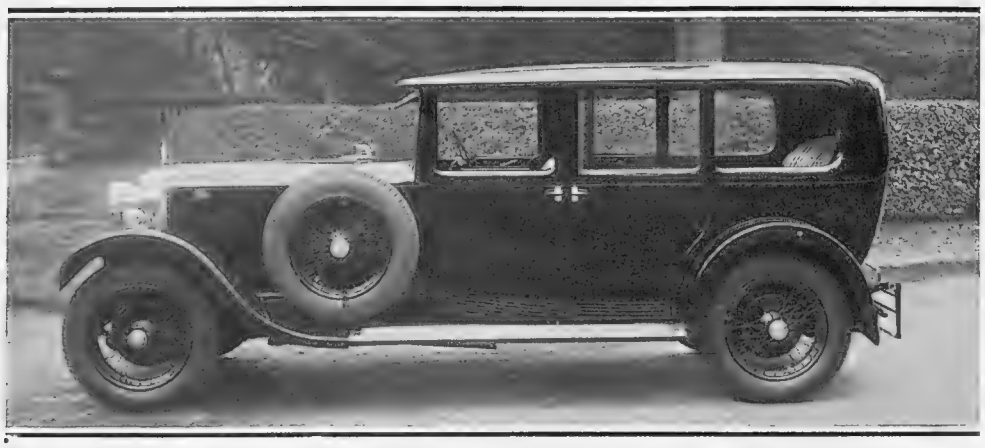
Prices £180 (Tourer) to £245 (De Luxe Fordor Saloon) at Works, Manchester.

Ford Motor Company, Limited. London and Manchester.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

The Petrol World—cont.

By A. PERCY BRADLEY



By Royal Command: Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., have recently supplied this imposing 25-h.p. Sunbeam enclosed limousine to H.M. the Queen of Norway, from whom they have held the Royal Warrant for some time

through accidents or from mechanical causes where an R.A.C. agent responded to an S O S message and sent out a relief car either to tow in the broken-down car or cycle or to convey the driver and his party to their home or destination. The total distance covered on these errands of mercy during the year was 250,000 miles, the R.A.C. being responsible for the entire cost.

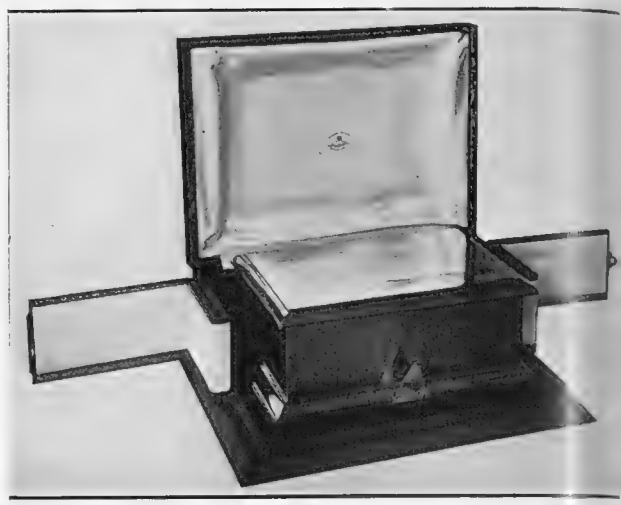
It is sometimes suggested by those who are not acquainted with the facts that the free legal defence offered by the R.A.C. to members who may have been summoned by the police for motoring offences, merely consists of an instruction to a solicitor to appear on the defendant's behalf, and that no serious defence is put in and no special efforts are made to obtain a dismissal of the summons. It is true that when a motorist is charged with certain technical offences it is impossible in the majority of cases to offer any defence. For example, in the case of a driver exceeding the speed limit, where the police have timed the car or motor-cycle over a measured distance and there is no evidence which will throw doubt upon the police timing, it is a pure waste of time to attempt any defence, and the R.A.C. confines itself to preventing as far as may be possible the imposition of a penalty disproportionate to the offence. But in every case where it is possible to put forward a defence the R.A.C. does so. In this connection it is worthy of note that out of 460 summonses under the Motor Car Acts defended by the R.A.C. during the first two months of this year (excluding summonses for exceeding the speed limit), seventy-three were dismissed. In every case the drivers concerned were defended by an R.A.C. solicitor.

The foreign touring season has already commenced, and the R.A.C. is daily shipping cars to various Continental ports on behalf of members and associate-members. Because of its position as the representative body of automobilism in this country, the R.A.C. has always been able to offer unrivalled facilities to motorists wishing to tour abroad. In addition to the arrangements it makes in regard to shipping, Customs papers, international travelling passes, and so forth, it has reciprocal agreements with the clubs comprising the International Association, which includes the exchange of membership and touring advantages. Probably more important still, the R.A.C. has sixty-four offices and agents in various towns in Europe, Algeria, and Egypt. The offices are particularly valuable as they afford facilities for a British motorist touring abroad which can be obtained in no other way.

YET ANOTHER RECORD?—The time taken to learn to drive a car may vary from a few hours to a few weeks. The record for quick learning may well be held by a young girl, who after being instructed in the controls of a self-changing Armstrong Siddeley Six, immediately took control, went for a preliminary spin, and then drove the car from Leamington to Banbury and home again, averaging well over 30 m.p.h. The trial was quite an impromptu one, and showed not only the girl's aptitude for judging speed and distance, but also the ease and safety with which a modern car can be handled.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE MEETING.—The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., at their last meeting decided to recommend at the annual meeting at Derby on April 11 that a dividend be paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum together with a bonus at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for the fourteen months ended December 31, 1929, to be due and payable on April 30, 1930. The profits for the fourteen months ended December 31, 1929, were £201,706 2s. 6d. (subject to audit).

NATURE-LOVERS PLEASE NOTE.—The London Caravan Company, who are the world's largest distributors for the famous Eccles Caravans, have moved their head office and showrooms from Great Portland Street, W., to new premises at 18-21, Dering Street, New Bond Street, W. The new showrooms contain a remarkable display of Eccles models and are the largest caravan showrooms in Europe.



For Services Rendered: A handsome gold cigar-box presented by Mr. J. Maughfling, C.A., to Lord Wakefield of Hythe at a luncheon given by the S.M.M. and T. at the R.A.C. Made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

THE SMALLEST, LIGHTEST AND MOST TALKED OF WIRELESS SET AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

The Rees-Mace "Gnome" is the smallest efficient portable in the world, and is light enough to be carried without being burdensome. It gives razor-edge selectivity and a choice of home and Continental broadcasting programmes with vital, full fledged tone. Nothing has been sacrificed to give such compactness—the set is a four valve screened grid receiver, and standard batteries and valves are used.

When closed the Rees-Mace "Gnome" does not stand as high as a telephone. Its actual dimensions are 13 × 11 × 6 inches, and it weighs less than 20 lbs.

Price 19 Guineas

REES-MACE GNOME FOUR

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BY APPOINTMENT

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for the Holidays

THE Bernard Weatherill tradition is handed down from father to son. The man who appreciates to be well dressed in the distinguished English way goes to Bernard Weatherill—and sends his son there, knowing that the same tailoring artistry that hall-marks his own clothes will be incorporated in those intended for the schoolboy.

Plus-Four Suits
In the newest range of Tweeds. Made to measure from **6 gns.**

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In excellent quality Tweeds and Worsteds. Made to measure from **6 gns.**

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In best West of England Flannels. Made to measure from **6 gns.**

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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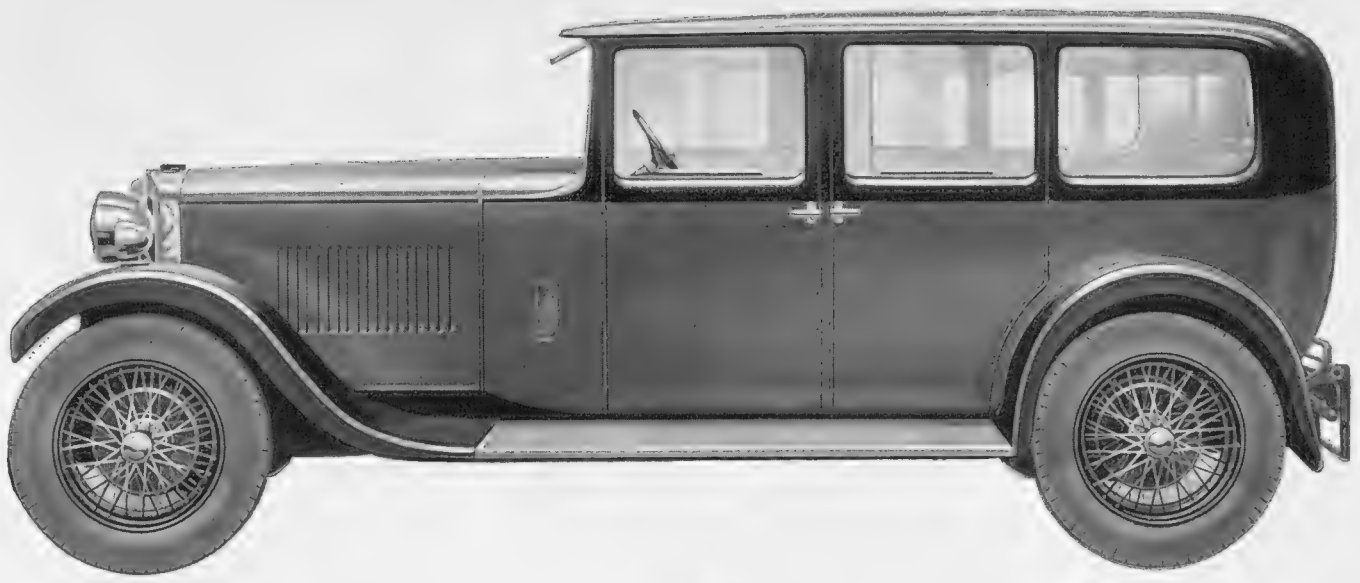

Mere Maturity

Sunbeam Cars do not grow old—they merely mature. The true note of a Sunbeam engine is almost ageless.

The 'hardened artery' symptoms developed by age in the ordinary car —harshness, engine rattle, loss of power and body creak — these are happily missing in a matured Sunbeam.

This eternally virile quality creates a remarkable economy in running costs. A Sunbeam owner saves in an increasing ratio with every year that passes. His is not a car of which one 'takes off the cream' during the first twelve months of road use.

Add first cost to running costs for five years, and compare the Sunbeam total with that expended by the purchaser of a contemporary cheap car of the same h.p.

In the matter of re-selling, Sunbeam secondhand prices are a proverb in the motor trade. There are dealers who buy secondhand Sunbeam unseen, at good prices, relying upon the famous Sunbeam quality to withstand any wear whatsoever.

The Sunbeam is a magnificently sane, sound investment, offering not only infinite pleasure, credit and economy in use, but also a negotiable value of the highest type.

The Sunbeam range includes 6-cylinder cars of 16 h.p., (from £550), 20 h.p., 25 h p., and the famous sporting 3-Litre. Dunlop tyres standard.

The model illustrated above is the 25 h.p. Coachbuilt Enclosed Limousine, price £1250.

SUNBEAM

"The Supreme Car"

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., MOORFIELD WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON.

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The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad

THE GATEWAY TO THE NEW WORLD: *The skyline of New York—the impressive sight that greets visitors. At evening the skyscrapers are fairy palaces of light*

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In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

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A TOUR through NORTH AMERICA

New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Grand Canyon, the Rockies, Yellowstone Park, California, Vancouver, and back through the Canadian Cities

By KEITH MORRIS

A tour of North America is an exhilarating experience. Big new world cities, vast plains and prairies, and one of the great mountain belts of the world offer a bill of fare which makes appeal to the most ambitious traveller.

The trip across the Atlantic in one of the fast Cunard or White Star liners has its own charms, and the comparative shortness of the voyage prevents the unwelcome appearance of even the slightest flavour of monotony. Vigorous from the ozone of the sea the visitor to the "Land of Big Things" hails the towering skyline of New York with the thrill of expectancy and the visualisation of further delights in store.

THE QUAKER CITY: *"Independence Hall," the State House, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

New York makes a fitting gateway to a country palpitating with the stress of unrivalled progress and prosperity. Glittering hotels, mammoth "skyscrapers," streets and railways crowded with hustling, bustling life, vivid Broadway, affluent Fifth Avenue, financial Wall Street, Central Park, Riverside Drive, and, in contrast, the foreign East side, make a human panorama of never-ceasing interest.

Philadelphia, ninety miles distant from New York, comes next in our Westward itinerary. Here industry is blended with a municipal dignity, and the spirit of the historic past is embodied in Independence Hall, where the famous declaration was signed; in Carpenter's Hall, scene of the first Congress; and in Betsy Ross House, birthplace of the "Stars and Stripes." Washington and Franklin worshipped in Old Christ Church, and William Penn's "Letitia Cottage" still stands in the spacious and beautiful grounds of Fairmount Park.

Then on to Washington, capital of the United States. White House and the Capitol Buildings are the outstanding features of interest, and the broad tree lined avenues are in line with the characteristics of this "model city built with vision."

Chicago finds us at the heart of the Middle West. Commercial centre of America, hub of its vast railway system, with a history of but a hundred years, the swift rise of this one-time little Indian trading post into the metropolis of the plains is unique in world annals. Vague ideas of meat packing dominate the mind of the uninitiated, tinctured perhaps with lurid tales of murdering gangsters, but this wonder city of the West boasts of nearly a hundred miles of handsome boulevards, five thousand acres of parks and open spaces, and some of the finest streets and buildings in the country. Sightseers gain impressions from different angles. To a friend of mine Chicago is "the city of beautiful women."

From this gateway to the great spaces of the Far West, the traveller has a choice of two routes. One, the more northerly, leads through the Yellowstone National Park to Seattle, and the other, through the Grand Canyon to San Francisco or Los Angeles. Both routes embrace varied scenic attractions and passing views of a land beloved of fiction writers who cater to the perennial demand for stories of "the wild and woolly."

A GLORY OF THE STATES: *A majestic aspect of the Grand Canyon, Arizona*

Yellowstone National Park, in the State of Wyoming, is one of America's most celebrated playgrounds. Four thousand geysers, hot springs, and steam vents are in active operation at varying intervals, and "Old Faithful" spouts hot water and steam to a height of about 150 ft. once every sixty to eighty minutes. In the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone every colour of the rainbow can be picked out by a visitor standing on Inspiration Point, who views the peculiar rock formation, the pine-clad slopes, the tumbling waterfalls and rushing torrents of this remarkable chasm.

From Yellowstone Park the route runs north-west through Spokane to Seattle on the Pacific Coast where connection is made with Victoria in British Columbia by a short journey through Puget Sound.

IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: *The lake at the foot of Mount Robson, the highest peak in the system*

Grand Canyon, in Arizona, lies on the way to San Francisco or Los Angeles. One mile deep, fifteen miles wide, and two hundred miles long, from its depth rise pyramid-like mountains, strange rocky masses coloured in varied and brilliant hues, successive lines of horizontal strata, sandstones, white, yellow, and red, and limestones, grey and blue, constituting a nature picture of much loveliness.

Sunny California next presents its charms for the admiration of the traveller. San Francisco, its metropolis, is a cosmopolitan city and port famed in song and story of the sea, the "Golden Gate" of America's Pacific seaboard. Its bay is a hive of shipping and old-world cafés, a China Town and a Latin Quarter blend with fine hotels, smart restaurants, a busy shopping district, a spacious park, and attractive seashore drives in the constituents of a delectable dish for the wayfarer.

TREES OF DEATH IN A LAND OF LIFE: *A typical cypress-starred landscape in California*

Los Angeles, in Southern California, enjoys a most equable climate all the year round. Almost any day during the winter one can take a morning plunge in the Pacific or pick fruit and flowers. The surroundings, with their Old Spanish Mission, orange groves, Catalina Island, Mount Lowe, and broad highways, offer ample opportunities for recreation and sightseeing.

From San Francisco and Los Angeles the coast of British Columbia, Canada's Pacific Province, can be reached by ship or rail. Victoria, the capital of the province, situated on the south-east corner of Vancouver Island, delights the British visitor by its old-world aspect and English-like setting and its many reminders of the Homeland.

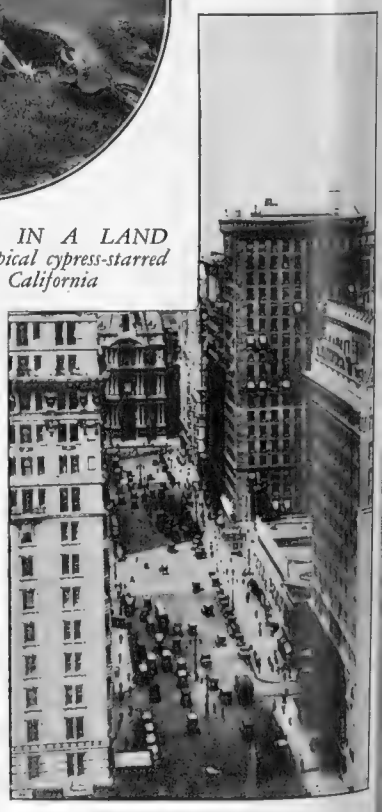
The trim, well-kept lawns and gardens facing the houses, the green, irregular winding lanes of the residential portion and the suburbs, and the oak trees and broom scattered around are full of charm for the traveller from the Old Country.

From Beacon Hill Park a fine view is unfolded. Below the waters of the Straits of Juan del Fuca sparkle in the western sun; across the bay, on the American side, the Olympic Mountains stretch their panoramic grandeur along the shores; farther off Mount Baker rears its snow-clad dome, and around the park the high-perched homes with a background of hills complete an endearing spectacle.

The short but delightful voyage from Victoria to Vancouver, on the mainland of British Columbia, provides another pleasing diversion. Vancouver is picturesquely placed on Burrard Inlet, a spacious harbour nearly landlocked, facing the coast range of mountains. Skirting the shore on the city side is Stanley Park, noted for its still primitive beauty and its wealth of Douglas firs and giant cedars of amazing size and age.

A driveway runs practically alongside the water in a complete circle of the park. Adjoining English Bay, a popular summer holiday resort, are specimens of the Indian totem-poles for which the western coast is famous.

(*Continued on p. 48*)



THE CITY WHERE "INDEPENDENCE" WAS SIGNED: *A vista of Philadelphia with Broad Street in the distance*

They always ask for this!

Because it is the ideal form of non-intoxicating drink for social festivities, refreshing and lively and distinguished in character. Schweppes Ginger Ale is the invariable choice of cultured society, to satisfy the increasing demand for a non-alcoholic refreshment of guaranteed excellence.

Schweppes GINGER ALE

Also order SCHWEPPES SODA WATER, TONIC WATER, GINGER BEER, LEMON SQUASH, CIDER, ETC.

A TOUR through NORTH AMERICA

(*Continued from p. 46*)

East of Vancouver the traveller across Canada enters the glorious Canadian Rockies, the supreme climax of North American scenic grandeur, a land of cloud-splitting peaks, wild and gloomy canyons, wondrous glacial fields, and fierce roaring torrents—twenty Switzerlands rolled into one.

To this vast Alpine territory of the western world the name "Rocky Mountains" has been loosely applied, but there are three separate and distinct parallel belts, each of which includes several mountain systems. The Rockies are the greatest in area, but the Selkirks are equally impressive in their wild beauty. Together, these two ranges form one of the great playgrounds of the world, visited each year by thousands of enthralled tourists, who return to their homes and avocations filled with undying memories of a veritable land of enchantment.

THE ULTIMATE WEST: The panorama from Hotel Vancouver

This mountain zone of British Columbia and Alberta is traversed by the two transcontinental railways, the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific, the former running through Jasper Park, with Jasper as a centre for sight-seeing, and the other in a more southerly direction through Rocky Mountains Park, where Lake Louise and Banff are the principal meeting places for holiday-makers.

Beyond the Rockies, journeying eastward, lies the great prairie region of Western Canada, reaching through Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba to Winnipeg. This is the far-famed Granary of the British Empire, home of hundreds of thousands of prosperous settlers, drawn from Eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles, Northern Europe, and elsewhere. From the train the landscape is seen as one continuous line of farms and farm-houses. The Canadian National Main Line to Winnipeg, the prairie metropolis, passes through Edmonton and Saskatoon, and the Canadian Pacific enters the plains at Calgary, thence viâ Regina.

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA: A magnificent view of Ottawa

Leaving Winnipeg the traveller approaches the province of Ontario, passing through a territory famed in the early days of exploration, and still largely in its wild and natural state. The southern section of Ontario is among the busiest and most prosperous regions of the great Dominion, with Toronto, the provincial capital and second city of Canada, as its hub. With a people almost exclusively of British extraction, the "Queen City," as its citizens proudly name it, is distinctively North American in the intensity of its enterprise and energy. The main thoroughfare, Yonge Street, is probably the liveliest shopping centre in Canada, and the city boasts of its own "skyscrapers."

And now to another of "the world's wonders," the mighty cataract, Niagara Falls, within easy reach of Toronto. To see the falls in all their majestic grandeur one has to view them from the foot, and this may be done by taking, clad in oilskins, a trip in the *Maid of the Mist*, a sturdy little steamer which daily approaches the seething cauldron almost to the base. A closer realization from this vantage point of the stupendous volume of water that for uncounted years has been dashing over the escarpment, the clouds of rising mist, and the never-ceasing thunderous roar give to the mind an indelible impression of Nature in one of her wildest moods.

Ottawa, capital of the Dominion and residence of the Governor-General, comes next on our programme of travel. The site of Ottawa is characterized by an appearance appropriate to its national importance. The Parliament Buildings, with their score of turrets surmounted by a lofty tower, have a splendid setting on a craig overlooking the Ottawa River. To the north and east rise the Laurentian Hills and a lengthy encircling driveway completes an harmonious picture.

From Ottawa to Montreal, commercial metropolis of Canada, with a population largely French-Canadian. From Mount Royal the city is revealed in its entirety to the onlooker. Below are the extensive buildings of a hospital and a university, and thousands of homes embowered in trees. Beyond lie the massive structures of the harbour and "down town," the twin spires of Notre Dame, and the waters of the St. Lawrence, spanned by great bridges. Southward the vision ranges to the far-off hills of Vermont in the United States.

Then comes Quebec, gateway to the Atlantic and the birthplace of the Dominion. On the cliff stands the Citadel, near which, on the Plains of Abraham, was fought the battle which made Canada British. Dufferin Terrace marks the site of the old Château St. Louis. Below, at the foot of the crag, lie the quaint and narrow streets of Canada's ancient capital, where once trod the pioneers of New France whose descendants people the city and province to-day. From here, or from Montreal, commences the homeward voyage down the historic and beautiful St. Lawrence waterway and into the open Atlantic.

FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE: The Citadel, Dufferin Terrace, and Château Frontenac, Quebec

Canada is a convenient point of departure and return for those who wish to visit Bermuda and taste the joys of the "Isles of Romance" in the Caribbean, where life is lived in a soft southern atmosphere of tranquil contentment, amidst a beauty of sea and land which inspired an enthusiastic visitor to the assertion that "God first created the world and then made Bermuda as an ornament."

DO YOU KNOW

these Facts about British Columbia?

Golf: Devotees of the Royal Game have approximately forty excellent clubs to choose from; on the Coast the courses are played on almost every day in the year.

Income Tax: Married persons with two dependants on an income of £800 per annum pay approximately £5 income tax.

Motor Car Licence: The tax on a car valued at £300, weighing 2,000 lbs., is £4 17s. 6d. per annum.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The country where you can enjoy the good things of life at reasonable cost and under ideal conditions.

Apply for full particulars to

The Agent-General for
BRITISH COLUMBIA

British Columbia House, 1–3, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1

'Phone: Regent 6857.

This Summer

holiday in

CANADA

the Sunshine playground

Whatever holiday you want this year, Canada offers brilliant sunshine and bracing air; a holiday with all the excitement of "abroad" yet among your own countryfolk and amid some of the world's most beautiful scenery.

Plan now for a holiday tour with the Canadian National Railways, whose trains and hotels are famous for their comfort and cooking. Independent and Conducted Tours, occupying twenty-three days and upwards, at Popular Inclusive Prices from £58, beginning June 27th.

GRAND SEVEN WEEKS ESCORTED TOUR to the Rockies and Pacific Coast leaves July 25th, returning via New York September 6th, £195 inclusive. Write for Booklet "S"—TO-DAY.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

A Great Railway in a Great Land

European Head Office: 17–19, Cockspur Street, London.

19, James Street, Liverpool.
75, Union Street, Glasgow.
40, Brazennose Street, Manchester.
82, Queen Street, Cardiff.
134, High Street, Southampton.
326, Broad Street, Birmingham.
14, Shakespeare Street, Newcastle.
74, High Street, Belfast.
1, Rue Scribe, Paris.
Or Local Agents.

THIS YEAR – *See*

CANADA

Easy to Reach
Easily Travelled

Banff - Famous Beauty Spot

BANFF, in the Canadian Rockies, is one of the most famous mountain resorts of the world, to which flock the cosmopolitan crowds of several continents.

And what a view as you look down the Bow Valley! Snow-crowned peaks, rivers, dense green forests, a superb golf course, and Banff Springs Hotel (looking like a Scotch castle) in the centre of that beautiful picture.

There's enough to do at Banff to keep you the whole summer, scenery, trail riding to Mount Assiniboine or Mystic Lake, mountain-climbing, hiking, riding, golf, tennis, dancing. At the hotel there is swimming, in warm sulphur baths — for Banff has several springs. There are cowboys, trappers, Indians, quaint western characters. The annual Indian "Pow Wow" and Highland Gathering are very notable events.

Smooth motor roads invite you to other Rocky Mountain centres—lovely Lake Louise, the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Trail, Kootenay National Park, Lake Windermere.

TAKE A NOVEL HOLIDAY AND SEE WONDERFUL CANADA!

Banff is one of the thirty-five places on our "Across Canada" Tour—a seven-week trip through the Rockies to the Pacific Coast and back. Some of the other places are Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Winnipeg, Lake Louise, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Windermere Valley, and Nipigon.

The Tour starts July 25, sailing by the DUCHESS OF YORK. Special train detailed to party, kept waiting while you are sightseeing. "All in" price includes steamship, railway, and sleeping-car fares, hotels, meals, drives, transfers, guide and gratuities.

And then from June 27 to August 15 we have 11 shorter tours, from 19 to 26 days, visiting some of the principal sights of Eastern Canada—some of them including New York. Various prices, and for economy you can, if you like, travel Tourist Third Cabin.

Or "Go-as-you-please" holidays? We will gladly prepare itineraries, short or long.

We have just issued a beautiful little book with 32 coloured illustrations, on Holidays in Canada. Shall we send you a copy of it? Ask for booklet about Tour 26.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
World's Greatest Travel System

62–65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1; 103, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3; and 53 other offices in the British Isles and on the Continent.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

CRUISING

DO something *different* this summer. Follow the line of Spain's dreaming coast to where enchanted islands wait to give you golden welcome. Or explore the Norwegian fjords—silver-secret, steeped in legend. See history cradled in ancient cities of the Baltic.

By "ADRIATIC" or "CALGARIC" you can sail whichever way you will; the scene ever changing, but the smoothness of your journey the same; the perfect comfort of cabin ship cruising by White Star.

SUMMER SEA CRUISE BY S.S. "ADRIATIC"

The World's largest Cabin Steamer and the largest Cruising Steamer from Great Britain. ATLANTIC AND BALEARIC ISLES. From Liverpool, August 1.
18 DAYS FROM £35.

SUMMER CRUISES BY S.S. "CALGARIC"

NORWEGIAN FJORDS. From Southampton, August 2. From Immingham, August 3. From Leith, August 4.
NORTHERN CAPITALS & BALTIC PORTS. From Immingham, August 20.
TWO WEEKS' CRUISE FROM £21.

Full particulars from all White Star Offices or Local Agents.

WHITE STAR
CABIN CRUISES

Service Advertising

THE WOMAN'S SPHERE

By Marjorie

Hats are always important; these come from Robert Heath's, 37, Knightsbridge; the one above is of felt and the one below of Baku straw

It will come as a great surprise to the majority to learn that Robert Heath, the well-known hatter of 37, Knightsbridge, S.W., has opened additional salons where lovely evening frocks and wraps, together with fashions for in-and-out-of-town wear, may be seen. He will be pleased to show the same to readers of this paper. They represent the cream of the Parisian collections; it seems to me that there are few notable Parisian dressmakers who are not represented. Of course there is jewellery and all those accessories that occupy such a prominent position in the toilet of the modern woman. Simplicity is the salient feature of the frock illustrated on this page. As will be seen, the skirt is moulded over the hips; the jumper, with its slight Russian "fall-over," is tucked in, the belt holding it in position; the scarf is a separate affair and matches the bag, béret, and cuffs.

HATS TO THE FORE.—It must not for a moment be imagined that Robert Heath has neglected the millinery section, as it was there that those illustrated were sketched. The one at the top on the left is carried out in felt. It fits the head perfectly and has the modish long back. Below it is a model of Baku; it is trimmed with navy-blue ribbon; the tucks on the brim and crown label it "Spring, 1930." The very thing for country wear is the model known by the name of the Berkeley; it costs 30s. It has a square crown with becoming brim, and is carried out in felt. A new note is struck in the Arundel for 35s.; it is also of felt, and can be worn with narrow or wider brim to shade the eyes. The new spring catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Tête de nègre is the colour and cloth the fabricating medium of this frock from Robert Heath's; shades of orange and brown are present in the scarf, which matches the beret, bag, and cuffs

IT PENETRATES TO THE ROOTS.—It is often overlooked that every time the hair is washed some of the natural oil is removed; thinning hair is often due to the lack of this oil, and women as well as men always try to make up for this deficiency. The consensus of opinion is that there is nothing better to supply this need than Rowland's Macassar Oil, as it penetrates to the roots of the hair and lays the foundation of luxuriant growth. It has been used by many successive generations, as a matter of fact for over 137 years. It is sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., and 10s. 6d. bottles.

THE SANS-GÊNE LAUNDRY.—The Sans-Gêne Laundry, which is a branch of the National United Laundries, is now located at 239, Acton Lane, Chiswick, and the new telephone number is Chiswick 4486. It is equipped with its own dyeing and cleaning section, and express work is undertaken at slightly increased prices; vans collect the goods and deliver again within forty-eight hours. Crêpe de chine underwear is laundered by a special process which preserves its even gloss and suppleness.

Rowland's Macassar Oil is a natural dressing for the hair; it penetrates to the roots and lays the foundation of luxuriant growth

MARTIAL & ARMAND

PARIS - 10. Place Vendôme - 13. Rue de la Paix

LONDON - 19. Albemarle Street. Piccadilly

The Latest Triumph in Grand Pianos!

The Midget Grand

Length only 4 ft.
Ivory Keys.
Roller Action.
Beautiful tone and touch.

Price
93 Guineas

Delivered on first payment of 3 Gns.

PIANO BARGAINS
A few Second-hand Grands and Uprights by well-known makers can be had at real BARGAIN PRICES. Terms of payment arranged.

CRAMER

J. B. CRAMER & CO., LTD. (*Estab. 1824*)
139 New Bond Street, W.1
128 Kensington High St., W.8. 46 Moorgate, E.C.2

Golf on Two Tip-Top Courses.

STAY AND REST OR PLAY WITH ZEST at the

Palace Hotel Buxton

GOLF. SQUASH RACKETS. HORSE RIDING. TENNIS. :: BADMINTON. :: SWIMMING. DANCING.

Write P. HEWLETT for Easter Programme.

RUBINAT-LLORACH

NATURAL APERIENT MINERAL WATER

British Medical Journal says :—

RUBINAT-LLORACH

"A comparatively small dose suffices—a wine-glassful (fasting)."

RUBINAT - LLORACH

Of all Chemists, Drug Stores, etc.

Hôtel de Bordeaux Bruxelles

First-class Family Hotel

Bronco The De Luxe Toilet Paper

A BRONCO roll contains approximately 800 sheets. "Cheap" rolls have about one - third this quantity. Thus you save money by buying BRONCO.

Your Hair Brush rebristled——

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,

Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,

(Dept. "K")

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

CLACTON-ON-SEA

FOR SUNNY, BRACING, HEALTHY HOLIDAYS

PUBLIC SPORTS GROUND 25 ACRES

MILITARY BANDS & OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS IN GREAT VARIETY

FINE STRETCH OF SANDY BEACH

Illustrated Guide from Publicity Dept. 40 Town Hall, Clacton-on-Sea enclose 1d stamp or free from any L·N·E·R Inquiry Office.

A WARING SUITE in WALNUT

DESIGNED IN THE WARING STUDIOS: MADE IN THE WARING FACTORIES

FROM a date in 1695, the House of Waring has been designing and making fine furniture —a long tradition well upheld in the present example. Its decided inexpensiveness is explained by the fact that it is offered to Waring customers direct from the Waring factories

The "Banbury"

reproduced from an actual photograph

A REMARKABLE VALUE

This is a distinctive Suite of outstanding charm, the beautiful veneers being exquisitely brought out and in a rich depth of decorative colour

4 ft. WARDROBE, with mirror inside right-hand door.
3 ft. 6 in. DRESSING TABLE, with handsome triple mirror.
3 ft. CHEST, commodious drawers, and Cane-Seated Chair.

£49.10

Also in Mahogany, £47.10

THE "BANBURY" BEDSTEAD IN WALNUT

In beautifully figured Walnut to correspond with Suite with cabriole legs, and complete with steel side and end rails. 3 ft. 0 in. size ... **£8.18.6**

Also in Mahogany, same price. 4 ft. 6 in. size **£10.18.6**

Illustrated Brochure of furniture sent post free on request

WARINGS

Deansgate MANCHESTER — OXFORD STREET W. *Waring & Gillow Ltd.* — Bold St. LIVERPOOL

ST. JEAN DE LUZ HOTEL MODERN

Splendidly situated in centre of the Bay. Every Comfort. From Frs. 75

TRIUMPH Super Seven

The HALL MARK OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY IS THE NAME TRIUMPH

Write for catalogue

The finest small car in the world.

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop Tyres standard.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London : 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor).

Why go Grey?

HINDES' HAIR TINT

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores, 2/6 or direct:

HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London

Woolacombe Bay Hotel

N. DEVON

Station: MORTEHOE

In the most beautiful Bay of North Devon. Four miles of Sands, Rocky Coves, Shell Beaches, Charming Private Gardens, Hard and Green Tennis Courts, and Private Miniature Golf Course just completed. Public Golf Links adjoining. Hot and cold water in Hotel Bedrooms. Central heating. Lift. Quite exceptional Cuisine and Wines.

Telephone: 7 WOOLACOMBE

Telegrams: HOTEL WOOLACOMBE

SIR PAUL DUKES

RED RUSSIA

In the current number of our contemporary, *The Tatler* begins a thrilling series of experiences in Soviet Russia written by a noted authority on the subject, Sir Paul Dukes, K.B.E., chief of the British Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia, 1918–19. Before that he was a member of the Anglo-Russian Commission, 1915–18, and represented it at the Foreign Office in 1917. Sir Paul Dukes is also a famous lecturer on European affairs and the author of two most interesting books both of which deal with Red Russia—*Red Dusk and the Morrow* and *Adventures and Investigations in Soviet Russia*. This series of articles will be found not to lack a grim fascination all their own, and as they deal with facts as their author saw and faced them their value is considerably augmented.

N.A.B.S.

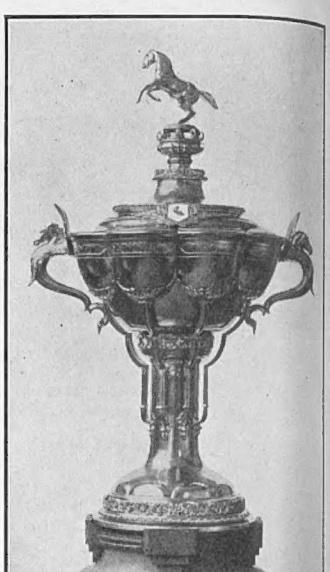
The festival dinner of the National Advertising Benevolent Society, held in the Connaught Rooms recently, was notable for two speeches pre-eminently—one made by the President, Sir Gomer Berry, and the other by H.R.H. Prince George. The royal guest in the course of his address stated that advertising was a matter of national significance. He said: "My second impression was one of national significance. There was a time when Great Britain's industrial position was too strong to be challenged. Those were the hey-days of Britain's trading. There was then little need for any added illumination. The world could not fail to notice the size of Britain's emporium and knew by experience the "bargains" to be got there. But that emporium was for a time closed for a five-years' diversion from business to the sterner business of War. The world meanwhile had to shop elsewhere, and other competitors whose shops were still open flourished on the business once done by us. We are now struggling to recover that business. Many things are needed to win it back, and you, and your profession, gentlemen, can, I am sure, supply one essential—the clear, direct, and steady flood lights necessary to re-illuminate the real value of British goods and the pre-eminence of British skill, industry, and conscience that go to their making. . . ."

Sir Gomer Berry said: "I am lost in admiration at some of our modern advertising. For effectiveness and sustained interest, for lucidity and directness in appeal, exactly attuned to British characteristics, our advertising to-day will compare favourably with that of any country. Obviously the services of the specialist in advertising must become more and more necessary in an art where wide knowledge of media, discrimination in selection and appraisement of taste are fundamental factors. Indeed, it is only through many years of close and continuous study and research into these factors that advertising has become the powerful trading force it now is. I am convinced that even those of us who are intimately concerned with advertising have even now but little idea of what advertising can do in the way of extending industry. A most remarkable instance of this has recently come under my notice. For several years past the plight of our fishing industry has been notorious, and things have been steadily going from bad to worse. A couple of years ago a scheme was put before the leading firms of trawler-owners that they should spend a sum of money on advertising fish as an article of diet. . . . . Last year this levy totalled £40,000, and the whole of it has been spent on the 'Eat More Fish' campaign with which the world is now familiar. The results have been simply amazing. The revenue of British trawler owners has been increased by no less a sum than £1,100,000, and the sales of fish have gone up by 37,000 tons in one year."

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM, who celebrated his twenty-first year as an advertising agent in Fleet Street on April 2, has seen some remarkable changes in the newspaper world. He is fifty-three years of age, but he says he feels more like thirty-three. He was the first advertising man to receive a knighthood. He is the despair of reporters when making speeches, as he averages over 200 words a minute. He is the optimist of optimists

THE GRAND NATIONAL TROPHY

The Cup is in character with English silverware at one of the best periods of the craft. The details of the chased and modelled decorations are carried out in accordance with modern taste. The nature of the Cup is indicated by the horses' heads surmounting the handles, and also by the model of the horse on the top of the cover. The title is in raised letters surmounting the upper part of the body, over which are the arms of Liverpool in enamel surrounded by sprays of laurel. The whole is mounted upon a polished mahogany pedestal. The height of the Cup, exclusive of the pedestal, is 32 in. and the weight 340 oz. It was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Ltd., Birmingham.



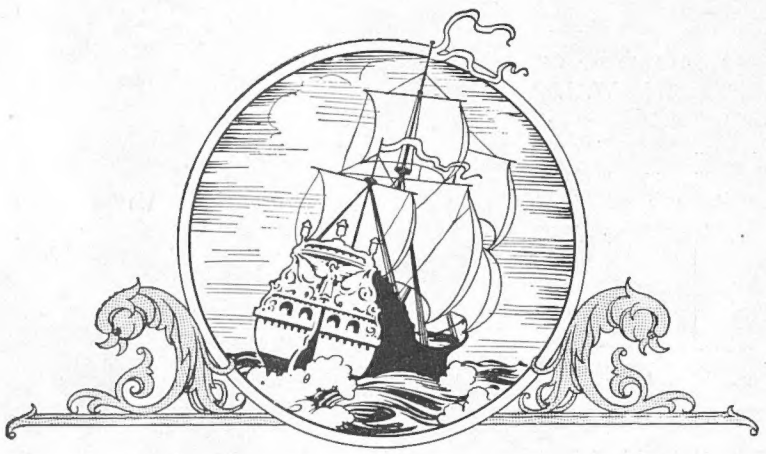
THE GRAND NATIONAL TROPHY: Messrs. Elkington's effective design in silver gilt

A PEN FILM

The Imperial Institute, South Kensington, has much to interest its visitors, and not the least is its cinema. Next month there will be shown a most interesting film, which has just been produced, portraying the gradual evolution of the pen. As the film is of an educational nature it should appeal particularly to scholars and teachers who may desire to take the opportunity of seeing it during the Easter recess. We learn that the film has been loaned by Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., of Swan Pen fame.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship not only maintain and educate their 1,100 children but also train them for that walk in life for which they show most aptitude. The funds for this great work need continuous replenishing. Will those interested in the future of these children send a gift to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



When you land in Bermuda you walk in a new world that is really as old as the Empire. Bermuda has never lost that charm of the old colonial life. No motor cars disturb its peace, no factories mar its beauty, yet in its comforts, its sports and everything that makes for real joy in life Bermuda sets a fashion all its own. A holiday in this haven of beauty and rest is a life-long happy memory.

For full particulars write The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1; or from The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water St., Liverpool.

BERMUDA

GAMAGES
and the Motorist

A huge Motor Car Showroom with all the leading Cars on view—The famous Motor Accessories Department displaying hundreds of useful Accessories—Special departments for Motorists' Clothing, Trunks, Luncheon Baskets, Maps, etc.—An expert Livery Tailoring Service for the Chauffeur.

At no other House is so much specialized attention given to the Motorist.

DOME TOP MOTOR TRUNKS

Gamages special Motor Trunk with Dome Top. Made on plywood foundation, covered Rexine. Solid nickel locks and clip. Lined washable leather cloth. Complete with 2 Suit Cases made on plywood foundation, covered Leather Cloth. Size—30×17½×18 ins. deep. £9 10 0

33×19×18 ins. deep. Price £10 5 0

GAMAGES—HOLBORN
LONDON, E.C.1
Telephone: Holborn 8484.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *April* 5, 1930. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

A P R I L

BRITANNIA AND EVE IS NOW ON SALE

What a Magazine!

"THE GIRL FRIEND" by Storm Jameson
"MISS TELFORD'S BED" by Warwick Deeping
"WHY I WANT TO GO TO RUSSIA" by Rosita Forbes
"NEW VALUES IN CRIME" Negley Farson
"ONE OF THE TWELVE" by Anthony Gibbs
"FOOD" by Lady Drummond Hay
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" No. 4 — BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS by Diana Bourbon
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY", Catherine de Medici painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"LENTEN DISHES AND EASTER-WEEK MENUS" by Catherine Ives
"ABRACADABRA" by Arndt Giusti
"I HATE WAR BOOKS . . !" by Margery Lawrence
"THE PERFECT HOUSE" by Mrs. Howard Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.
"FAST DAYS AND FEAST DAYS"
"THE NEW WAY WITH WINDOWS" by Grace Lovat Fraser
"THE THING YOU LOVE" by May Edginton
"FLAPPER MOTHERS" by Cosmo Hamilton
"BE YOUR OWN JEWELLER" by Wilma Bernhard
"WHAT I SAW IN PARIS" by Madge Garland
"FITTED CUPBOARDS" by Doris Adeney Lewis, A.R.I.B.A.
"WINDOW SHOPPING"
A SPRING WARDROBE
SUITABLE LINGERIE FOR THE NEW SILHOUETTE
CLOTHES FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION
"WINDOW BOXES FOR CHARM ALL THE YEAR ROUND" by Nesta Bland
"THE DRAMA IN SEARCH OF NEW EXPRESSION" by Ruth Teazle
"NOVELS OF THREE NATIONS" by Arnold Palmer
"FALLING STARS" by Sydney Tremayne
"WHEN WINTER CAME" by J. D. BERESFORD
"PLAN YOUR CHILD'S CAREER BY HIS HANDWRITING" by Robert Saudek
"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
"SUPPLENESS AND GRACE" by Margaret Gaye
"SMILE — AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU"
"LET'S BE FAIR" by 'Chrysis'
"MADAM, DID YOU KNOW . . . ?"
THE FUN FAIR
"WEEK-END TRAFFIC TROUBLES" by The Earl of Cardigan
"INTERNATIONAL GOLF" by Eleanor E. Helme
THE 'EVE' GOLF COMPETITIONS
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE" by The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall
"MY MONTH ON THE GRAMOPHONE" by James Agate
"THE PROBLEM OF LIGHTING"
OUR LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE

Buy it To-day

PLACE AN ORDER — THEN YOU'LL BE SURE OF YOUR COPY

"Be your law
The ancient saw,
'Faint heart never won fair lady!'"

Come Savoyards—one & all

—old ones who have glowing memories to be revived, and young ones who have a glorious joy before them . . . . Here is news for you . . . . "His Master's Voice" for your delight have made a

New Electrical Recording of "IOLANTHE"

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